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The Cole Lectures for 1915
delivered before Vanderbilt University

Winning the World for Christ

A Study in Dynamics

By
WALTER RUSSELL LAMBUTH
One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 125 North Wabash Ave.
Toronto: 25 Richmond Street, W.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

To my Wife

whose intelligent coöperation,
heroic self-denial and
steadfast faith in God,

have been a constant source
of inspiration in missionary
life abroad and missionary
labours at home ∴ ∴ ∴

THE COLE LECTURES

THE late Colonel E. W. Cole of Nashville, Tennessee, donated to Vanderbilt University the sum of five thousand dollars, afterwards increased by Mrs. E. W. Cole to ten thousand, the design and conditions of which gift are stated as follows :

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Preface

THESE lectures are not intended as a review of the world-field of missions, home or foreign, with an attempt to bring out progress made, areas unoccupied, or critical needs, as imperative as those needs are. Nor is this a discussion of missions from the standpoint of principles and policy. It is an attempt, rather, to make some contribution to missionary dynamics by a study of the sources of inspiration and power.

Great emphasis has rightly been placed, by missionary leaders, upon the needs of the unevangelized millions, the urgency of the task, the unprecedented opportunity of the hour, the commission to the Church, and the command to go which constitutes the divine imperative.

As great as is the demand for widening the area of effort abroad, the greater need of the hour is that of deepened conviction at home. We must have a new sense of God, realize the immanence of the Kingdom, the place and importance of intercessory prayer,

the personality and power of the Holy Spirit, the necessity for heroic service and sacrifice, the mission of the Church, and the preëminence of Christ who is Head over all.

If we can be brought to a true and vivid realization of these things, and the Church can be adequately awakened to a sense of God-given mission, an immense stride will have been made towards the goal set before us in the prayer of Jesus Christ—" Thy Kingdom come."

WALTER R. LAMBUTH.

Oakdale, Cal.

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LECTURE I

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

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THE KINGDOM OF GOD

THE purpose of God in relation to His Kingdom runs like a golden thread throughout His revelation to man. The promise to Adam was that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and to Abraham that in him all the families of the earth should be blessed. The mission of God's chosen people and of His Son to the nations of the earth, lay embedded in this promise, but for centuries the consciousness and meaning of it seemed obscured. It was Isaiah who took up the thread and pointed to the fact that in Israel should be the hope of the world's evangelization: "And the nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

How beautiful the outburst of song from this prophet of evangelism, who exclaims—"O Zion, that bringeth good tidings, get thee up into the high mountains." It is Zion which has been made the depository of God's

truth; the illustration of His providence; and the chosen vessel for bearing the good tidings of God's purpose to the Gentiles—His mercy, and the possibility and certainty of the redemption of all who believe. It is up into the high mountains of spiritual privilege that Zion must go, for breadth of vision, for a sense of God's nearness, for mighty faith, and for that aspiration which must come to every man who would do the will of God.

Prior to His death and resurrection, the words of Jesus, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel," would seem to imply a nationalistic program. His later, and more striking statement, however, points to the widest reach of evangelism, "And this gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." How compassionate the yearning of the Great Shepherd, who knows no distinction of nation or race, when He adds, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

After the resurrection, the expression of His purpose becomes more definite, and the

Great Commission is given to the Church, "Go and make disciples of all nations." The Bishop of Ely says, "The apostles were so engrossed in their work in Jerusalem that the memory of our Lord's words about 'All the nations' lay dormant in their minds. . . . The first onward step was taken, not due to any conscious purpose on their part, but was the result of a divinely ordered evolution of events—a great sign of the truthfulness of the record."

Stephen's sermon and martyrdom were followed by persecution and the dispersion of the believers, thus ushering in the second period of their history, in which the Church was extended through Judea and into Samaria. The disciples seemed to have no clearly defined evangelistic policy. They were led, here and there, by the Spirit, or rather thrust out. The Holy Spirit became the Administrator of the Church. He took personal charge of the missionary movement which might otherwise have suffered a relapse in its third stage. He it was who searched for men, endued them with power, separated them for the work, sent them out, and carried forward the divine order of expansion as announced by Jesus—Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, the uttermost parts of the earth.

We have too often obscured the truth by our attempts to define it. Men instead of seeing more clearly have become befogged. Jesus made clear what He meant by the Kingdom of God in terms of His Gospel. He does not demand the acceptance of dogma, but asks that men shall accept Him. His Gospel seeks a redeemed personality. If we could once get men to realize the value and possibilities of a redeemed personality, and that the redemption of nature even is wrapped up in it, they would rejoice in a treasure beyond all the world's accumulated wealth, as vast as that may be. Jesus said, "Seek ye first His Kingdom and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." The Kingdom of God is one of life, and the Gospel of His Kingdom is that of a life-giving Redeemer, who not only died to save, but rose again to bestow more abundant life, and to interpret that life in terms of Christly service.

The task which Jesus set for Himself was to get men to apprehend and to accept the truth of God's Fatherhood, to throw themselves into God's plan, to reverently pray for the coming of His Kingdom, and to fashion their own lives in accordance with the will of God. Why such a task? It was that they

should realize through His teaching and life that the doing of the Father's will was the only possible fulfillment of their sonship in Him. Without such filial obedience upon His part and theirs there could be no revelation of Fatherhood, no complete manhood, and no effective service towards men. "Though He was a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and having been made perfect, He became unto all them that obey Him the author of eternal salvation." [1]

It is only to the man who surrenders himself to God in the spirit of absolute obedience that God can more fully reveal His character, His purpose and Himself. Obedience must precede fuller revelation. It would be an impossibility to reveal holiness and love to an ungodly mind, and an unlovely heart. If it were possible, it would be a waste, and God is not wasteful of His resources. His grace abounds and He can supply all our need, but the object of God's gifts to men is not so much "that we may possess the gift, but that through the possession of the gift we may possess Him."

In the Kingdom of God, therefore, obedience is always central and fundamental. It

[1] Heb. v. 8, 9.

is the key to power, because it is the key to knowledge, and knowledge is power. In the Scripture it is made the condition of spiritual insight. David was sound both in his philosophy and in his principles of pedagogy when he said, "I have more understanding than all my teachers because I keep Thy commandments." There is neither philosopher nor scientist who makes any progress without that obedience to law, written deep in mind or in matter, so necessary to all true attainment in knowledge.

After all, it is not so much what we have attained in science, literature or religion, as what we would attain. Not so much the goal reached, as the process of development while striving to reach the goal. The same law holds with society as with the individual. Our growth is a very real part of the growth of the Kingdom because its mighty forces are turned in upon our lives. We cannot separate ourselves from it, save as we lend ourselves to willful disobedience. The Kingdom of God is not so much advanced by our efforts to build it up as by our yielding ourselves to being built up into it. Here lies the secret power in Christianity. A living sacrifice is a more real contribution to the advancement of the Kingdom than our efforts

or our gifts. Even our prayers are unavailing if unaccompanied by a willingness to have God's purpose wrought into our lives.

"What force was it," asks Fitchett in referring to John Wesley, "which knitted a life divided amongst so many interests into unity; which gave to a single human will a resisting power as of hardened steel; and which made a fallible man a force so tremendous, and kept him at a level so high? The explanation lies in the spiritual realm. Wesley had mastered the central secret of Christianity. He lived, he wrought, he preached, he wrote, he toiled, under the undivided empire of the august motive, the divine forces of religion." [1]

Principal Cairnes asks the question, "What is the Gospel but simply the greatest answer to prayer on human record? Is it a mere accident that the central aim of the New Testament is eternal life, and its central fact is the resurrection of our Lord?"

As we study nature, man and the supernatural in relation to Jesus Christ, the central figure of the New Testament, we find new light breaking upon both the Gospel and the world. It is nature being subdued for man, man being redeemed for God, and the forces

[1] Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century," p. 203.

of both nature and the supernatural placed at man's disposal to work with God in the redemption of the world. The Gospel is indeed an answer to man's age-long prayer for freedom, life, dominion and for fellowship with God.

Sonship with God, heirship, fellowship, are terms which abound in the New Testament. But we have failed to catch their ring, and measure their significance—enlarged life, divine heritage, noble companionship, a share as coworkers in God's own redemptive scheme. Man's nature undergoes redemption, his soul a transformation, and spiritual illumination is coupled with divine energy. It is a rediscovery of man's sphere, a renewed emphasis upon man's work. He entered the workshop of the world a child, he goes out of it a master workman, when he learns to obey divinely ordered laws, grasps his tools, fashions thought and bends his will, until he too becomes a world builder.

Are not nations being trained by their material enterprises for a larger share in the control of spiritual forces? We are not blind to the peril of what has been well termed "the atheism of force." But it is only a question of who is master and who slave. If man masters the forces of nature as a means

of equipment for higher service, he harnesses them to his purpose and sweeps into a realm where the higher rules the lower, and the spiritual dominates the material.

Knowledge is power. Money is power. These are tremendously potential and fraught with blessing to mankind if in their application they are free from low ideals and base motives. Made subservient to the will of God in a true sense of trusteeship, for all power is from Him, they are well-nigh omnipotent in the service of mankind.

But to wield these forces as masters and not slaves, our conception of God must grow with our conception of commercial expansion and civic rights, scientific achievement and political relationships. The God-idea must travel ahead of these. We may make the Kingdom of God provincial by a narrow and contracted idea of God. We need a great God—Christianity demands a great God, our age requires a great God, we have a great God. His Kingdom is related to every phase of life and department of effort; its claims upon man are supreme, universal, all embracing. In it there is neither secular nor religious. It is all God's.

We are more desirous of identifying God with our little plans than we are of identify-

ing ourselves with His great purpose. We are too often more concerned about human philosophy than we are about the divine will. To find out what God thinks, and to think His thoughts after Him; to find out how God moves, and then to move with Him should be our chief concern. It is said of Abraham Lincoln that a group of Chicago ministers waited upon him, at an anxious period of the Civil War, and gave the assurance that the Almighty was on his side. "Gentlemen," the great President replied, "I am not so concerned about His being on my side, as about being sure that I am on the side of the Almighty."

To win the world for Christ, we must give Christ to the world. It is not to be won in any other way. We are powerless to draw men to Him, save as we give Christ and ourselves to them. Civilization is powerless, culture is powerless, education is powerless, the Church is powerless. These may interpret Him and His life, but upon the other hand, they may utterly misinterpret both His mind and His spirit. It is by His suffering, through His death and resurrection, and by His grace, that He will draw the world to Himself. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

The world needs a Christ that can meet its deepest need, win it from sin, satisfy its heart-hunger, inspire it with a new hope and create a purpose to do the will of God. It is by discovering a larger Christ for ourselves, and by giving Him and ourselves to the world, that we are to bring in the Kingdom of God. The mission of Christ was to establish the Kingdom of God among men. Our mission is to receive and reproduce that Kingdom in our own lives, by faith, by prayer, by heroic service, by the power of the Holy Spirit and by the making of Christ preëminent.

What is the Kingdom of God as it relates to man? Jesus does not attempt to define it. He describes and illustrates it. It is the kingdom of divine sovereignty and human obedience, of Fatherhood and sonship, of law and grace, of life and service, of prayer and fellowship. It is the kingdom of heavenly grace poured into earthen vessels; of brotherhood, loving service, tender forgiveness, manly aspiration and character—not as an end, but as a fruitage of the Spirit.

In its simplest definition, the evangelization of the world means the establishing of the Kingdom of God by bearing the glad tidings of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, to every creature. This is to be done by

preaching, by teaching, by personal testimony, by a life of loving service and by telling the story of Jesus' life and ministry, and the purpose of His death and resurrection.

The message must be in simple terms, but sufficient in substance for any man, and for all men to know Jesus Christ, and to believe in Him as their personal Saviour and Lord. It must be delivered intelligently, faithfully, lovingly, and in the power of the Holy Spirit, upon whom reliance must be placed for conviction of sin, quickening of spirit and transformation of life.

There is no warrant in the Scriptures for believing that all who hear will accept the Gospel. Many failed to believe in Christ under His own gracious ministry, and some even in His own village. He did not relax His efforts, however. It brought Him deeper anguish of soul, but He persisted in His work. As for us, His command is to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. The failure to accept does not relieve us of responsibility, but increases it. Results must be left with God. Our responsibility is that of presenting the message in tenderer, clearer, stronger terms, and with the expectation that the Holy Spirit will continue to strive with those whom we would

reach. The love of God is like the deepest depths of the sea—unfathomable. The winning of men means large and increasing drafts upon the unsearchable, unfathomable riches of that love. Great soul-winners have always been those who have learned this. They have had the faith to believe that the Gospel of Christ can save to the uttermost, has the power to strengthen the weakest, enrich the poorest, and ennoble the most degraded.

Jesus came to establish the Kingdom of God. This was the purpose and meaning of the incarnation. It was the deep meaning of His passion, His death and the power of His resurrection. We may go further and say it is the explanation of the statement that He liveth to make intercession for humanity, and of the fact of His presence in the world through the person of the Holy Spirit. In coming to establish the Kingdom, He was carrying out the purpose of God which had been determined upon before the foundation of the world. It was the Word, the Eternal Creative Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us and it was His glory that men beheld, the glory of the only begotten Son of God.

In the Kingdom Jesus came to establish

there was one central truth which He made fundamental in the presentation of His Gospel. It was central when He laid down the principles of the Kingdom of God in the Sermon upon the Mount; and it must be so in every presentation of saving truth to man. It is the fact of the Fatherhood of God. Lying deep within that truth is another—a corollary of the first—the brotherhood of man.

"A hundred other statements regarding it, regarding Jesus who was incarnate, are true; but all statements concerning Him hold their truth within this truth—that Jesus came to restore the fact of God's Fatherhood to man's knowledge, and to its central place of power over man's life. Jesus is mysteriously the Word of God made flesh. He is the worker of amazing miracles upon the bodies and the souls of men. He is the convincer of sin. He is the Saviour by suffering. But behind all these He is the redeemer of man into the Fatherhood of God." [1]

It is in the presentation of these two great truths of divine Fatherhood and human brotherhood, included in the Sonship and Saviourhood of Jesus Christ, that the world is to be won. This is the world's evangel. This is what we mean by the evangelization of the

[1] Phillips Brooks, "The Influence of Jesus," p. 12.

world. There is no avenue of approach more open to men than that of fatherhood. It has personality in it. There is a sense of nearness and warmth. It is full of the idea of strength and care. The deeper relations of life are here. It includes the right of authority upon the part of a father, and of the obligation of obedience upon the part of the child. But no appeal can rest here. It is inadequate. It must go back to the divine Fatherhood. It must seek the sense of God, or if there be none, it must be created.

Years ago, during a missionary journey upon a little coasting vessel on the Inland Sea of Japan, I fell into conversation with a passenger. It was stormy, and we sat upon our red blankets spread upon the deck. Every approach to Christianity was skillfully warded off until the relationship of fatherhood was mentioned. He assented, and to the responsibility growing out of it, but being a Confucianist held strictly and firmly to the narrow circle of the five human relationships. I changed the appeal and made it upon the broader basis of the Fatherhood of the race—higher, larger, fuller of divine care and love, and to the omnipresent God and Father to every man. It was then conviction went home.

The law of reciprocity lies deep in the con-

stitution of the Kingdom. It is an economical as well as an ethical necessity. God's will is God's law, and is therefore compelling. It can neither be violated nor ignored with impunity. In the intellectual as in the spiritual realm, reciprocity is the law of growth. "He who would understand a painting," says Ruskin, "must give himself to it." Assimilation must be followed by expression or there is an arrest of the process. To hold is to lose. In order to keep and have more, one must give away what he has. Culture for culture's sake is foreign from Jesus' thought, and pure intellectualism has no place in His philosophy. Indeed He does not philosophize about either. He did not come to establish a cult. He came to give life. With the giving there comes to man the enrichment of every department of his nature that he might, like his great teacher, give again. "Productive expression," writes Peabody, "alone clarifies and sifts the scholar's mind. The movement of trade is on its surface a mere scramble of self-seek-ing; but in its total action economic life is a vast tidal process of production and distribution, of multiplying by investing, of increase through use. To hoard one's possessions is to lose their increment."

God has a plan for the redemption of the world. It is man's place to discover it, to adjust himself to it, to find his place in it, get into the spirit of its purpose, let the purpose get hold of him, and lend all his powers to the doing of God's will. It is in this way and this alone that man can rise to his true level as a coworker with God. When the Apostle once caught the conception it fired his imagination, swept his soul into a new realm, brought him to a new realization of the power of God and the dignity of man, the grace of God and the responsibility of the apostleship. It created a spirit of obedience, a desire to serve, a yearning to impart, and a willingness to enter into the fellowship of suffering, to lay down life itself in order to carry forward the purpose of God in Christ Jesus. It was a conception like this that carried Coke and Carey, Morrison and Milne, Moffat and Livingstone into the regions beyond.

One great task in extending the Kingdom of God is to get men to see the reality of things. Perhaps it would be best to say—to see the things that are real. To realize God and to be reliable witnesses. It was Ruskin who said, "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain

way. Hundreds of people can talk for one that can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, religion—all in one."

Was it not for this that Jesus called to Him the group of humble men from Galilee? They were open-eyed—men who were capable of being made to see. Those children of nature and sons of toil were being prepared upon the lake and under the blue sky for the coming of the teacher who was to break with tradition—pierce the painted show of life and through the rent point them to the lesson that men may "mistake the things that are seen for reality, whereas reality is back of them all."

The disciples were apostles in the making, just as the early Christians were saints in the making. The greatest miracle is not with nature, but with men. Through the transforming power of the Holy Spirit, men are lifted out of the mire of sin and carried into the realm of grace where they take their places in the Kingdom as the salt of the earth and the light of the world. Jerusalem and Capernaum looked aghast when fishermen and tax gatherers became apostles. "What He did with them proves what can be made of ordinary men when they surrender them-

selves to the guidance of His Spirit." Is there not a substantial hope here for the qualifying of men in every age for the apostolic work of preaching the Gospel to every creature?

The Kingdom of God is not built by spiritual mechanics, but by spiritual power. It does not deal in machinery, but with life. It does not exalt institutions, but personality. Its chief elements are Fatherhood and sonship, truth and holiness, life and love, redemption from sin, and salvation for service. It was to be extended by men who were called, "Follow Me;" men who were taught, "Learn of Me;" and by men who were sent, "As Thou didst send Me into the world, even so I sent them into the world."

The disciples were sent on a wonderful mission, because Jesus came on a wonderful mission. He was sent of God, and so were they. What a thrill it must have been to feel that their being sent by Christ was so like the sending of Jesus by the Father. The same high purpose, the one impelling motive, the same constraining love, were to be true of Master and disciples—it was to seek and to save that which was lost. Every messenger from God, at home or abroad, has a right to such a sending. If he has not the

divine impulsion and the divine constraint of love he has no right to go.

The provincialism and race antipathy of the apostles constituted an almost insuperable barrier to their carrying the Gospel through the Roman Empire. To them the Gentile world was so dark, hopelessly corrupt and abominable, as to be "unrelieved by any spiritual gleam." It is true, the vision of Peter at Joppa, followed by the experience in the house of Cornelius at Cæsarea, made a profound impression upon the leader of the Apostolic College. So profound was it, in fact, that he was constrained to exclaim, "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to Him." But the centripetal force of nationalism, fed by the undercurrent of Galilean life which had coursed through their veins so long, was too much for him and the other members of the group. A man was needed for the inauguration of a world-movement who had, in addition to mighty faith, vision, breadth of sympathy, and the nation-wide, world-wide mind and spirit of Christ. That man was Paul.

He was the one man of his, or any other age, who fully realized a God-given sense of

Mission, yielded himself absolutely to Christ, caught an imperial vision, had faith commensurate with it, and held himself steadily in touch with his world task on the one hand, and with the Gospel as the world's dynamic on the other. With him the Gospel of Jesus Christ was the hope of man; and Christ, the image of the invisible God, the first born of all creation was in man, the hope of glory.

The sense of mission in life springs directly from a sense of God. It is not remote, but immediate. Given a sense of God, real, near, vivid, and man must surrender for service or be untrue to his convictions and to himself. Evasion, dishonesty and failure at this point mean spiritual declension and loss of power in all after life. A leading preacher remarked sadly, late in life, "Had I been true to the call which came in my early ministry to go to the foreign field, I should have been a better man."

The character of God is back of the call and becomes a pledge of moral strength; the presence of God is in the consciousness of the messenger and makes vivid the vision for responsibility; the will of God gives the imperative to it and becomes not only a compelling force, but in the doing of that will brings the joy of a human will surrendered to

the divine, and the power of a Spirit-filled life.

Isaiah saw the Lord high and lifted up and came into a sense of mission. Paul met Jesus in the way and surrendered to Him who henceforth was to be his Master. He constantly refers to himself as "Paul called to be an apostle." As apostle and slave he travels upon the circumference of a great circle whose centre is Christ. The apostleship was his divine credential, he was a bond-servant by his own free will.

The great Apostle to the Gentiles realized God in Jesus Christ. He recognized the divine sovereignty and claims upon his life and felt secure in yielding himself absolutely to those claims. Henceforth the impregnable rock is beneath his feet. The order of the universe is clear. Human history and divine providence become related. He announces that "the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." In the terms of that Kingdom, as exemplified by Jesus Christ and His great apostle, Fatherhood is for the first time fully understood and brotherhood receives its interpretation. Man relates himself to God on the one hand, receiving measure upon measure of grace and truth;

and to his fellow man upon the other, imparting freely the divine gifts which he has so freely received.

Religion is not simply a bond between man and God, it is the force which impels man to seek God because of what God is and what man needs. It is the soul crying out of the depths of a social and spiritual nature for companionship, for sympathy and for love. In its more primitive form it is not apprehension of what God is, or of what He has done for man. How can it be known without revelation what that is? It is only a sense of need; deep, pervading, and helpless; for man knows not where to turn. Is it not also God seeking man? "We love Him because He first loved us." Consciously, or unconsciously, that is the most powerful motive in religion. That is the world's dynamic. As the true light has lighted every man that cometh into the world, so has His true love been constraining men to yield themselves to God.

The central force of religion is the impelling desire to do the will of God. It is man's will moving towards God's will, yielding itself to it and caught up by it; the human yielding up to the divine and merging itself into it, until God's will is done in us and through us

to the fulfillment of His purpose, in and for the redemption of mankind, through Jesus Christ our Lord. The motive of such a religion as this is love. If the impelling force is desire Godward, the constraining force, which is infinitely greater, is love Christward. Not ours for Him, that is too feeble, but His love for us. In this love lies the incarnation with all its mystery; the atonement with all its potentiality; His death with all His travail for sinful men; and the resurrection with all His life-giving power and hope.

There is more demanded of Christian leadership in this generation than in any previous one. The last century of missions was devoted largely to sapping and mining under the bulwarks of an intrenched heathenism. Every man worked with pick and spade, in his own place, and with very little reference to those engaged in the same field. The process was long, laborious and painful, requiring patience and fortitude. It required heroism of a high order, and developed individuality, but failed often to inspire breadth of view and coöperation. Conditions are changed. Walls have been undermined, and barriers broken down. Tens of thousands in India, China and other non-Christian lands are not only open to ap-

proach, but are detached from their old faiths, or adrift upon the world's conflicting currents. Skillful piloting and a sympathetic leadership may determine for all time the attitude of Oriental nations towards Christianity.

The transformation which has taken place in the educational system and methods of China, during the past twenty-five years, is the best illustration of the marvellous change in sentiment. In the city of Peking, near our residence, there stood in 1886 a Confucian temple with some nine thousand cells for the accommodation of scholars who came from every province of the empire. It was here the triennial examinations for the third, or Master's degree, were to be held.

The temple gates upon the first morning, at break of day, were crowded with candidates full of hope. Some of these had travelled more than a thousand miles on foot. Several were over seventy years of age, and had been competing for fifty years. Though unsuccessful, they had been rewarded by the Emperor for their persistence with the privilege of wearing a robe of imperial yellow. Each candidate had a small bundle of bedding, and was supplied with writing materials. Once within the cell, the

door was bolted and barred, and an attendant was permitted to pass in only food and tea. Three terms of three days and nights each, given to composition, were thus spent in their cells, after which the candidates were to be released.

Our college Y. M. C. A. had undertaken to place a roll of Christian literature, neatly wrapped in red paper, in the hands of each scholar. The roll included a Life of Christ, the Gospel of Luke and several tracts, with an offer of prizes for the three best essays on Christianity within six months. At midnight of the ninth day, at the boom of the great drum, the gates were thrown wide open and the pent-up stream of student life poured forth, weird and startling under the flickering light of a hundred torches. Pale, hollow-eyed and weakened by their vigils, fasting and hard work, they pressed forward feeble and unsteady in gait. Some fell to the ground from exhaustion. Several had died during the nine days of incarceration. Lictors with long whips stood on each side of the exit and along the avenue, under orders to drive off the human harpies who were ready to take advantage of these men and snatch their bedding from their shoulders. One scholar fell to the ground at my feet.

Two men swooped down upon him. I sprang forward to hurl them back and received twice around the neck the tightening coil of the leathern thong intended for the others. These splendid fellows went through the ordeal to secure the degree, and yet out of the seven thousand candidates it was certain that not more than two hundred could attain the much coveted possession.

All of this is a thing of the past. One stroke of the Vermilion Pencil settled the transformation. Henceforth the test of scholarship was not to consist of an essay or poem, a feat of memory and a juggling of words, based upon the Confucian classics, but familiarity with such subjects as history, economics, mathematics, international law, and the sciences of the West. Provincial and national schools have been built up into a great system, universities established and a student life developed characterized by a keenness and zest for the new and larger studies, a college spirit, and a new patriotism as wide as the empire.

A constructive Christian statesmanship is needed which can coördinate and unify the working forces of the missionary world. At a time when every worker counts for more than ever before, and when every dollar in-

vested is ten times more potential than it was ten years ago, it is of immense importance that we should look closely to that economy and efficiency which will enable one missionary to do the work of two, and hasten the time when fields so providentially opened can be completely occupied.

Leadership at the home base is not less important than that upon the foreign field. It may require, to-day, even more of toil and a greater investment of faith. It is indispensable if the evangelization of the world is to be carried to a finish. Such leadership should urge the devotional study of the Word of God, promote the spirit of intercession, seek to create a missionary conscience, and kindle a passion for souls. Added to these must be the creation of a missionary pastorate, the securing of systematic and proportionate giving, the search for young men and women in our institutions who will respond to the call for service, and the marshalling of all the forces of the Church under the leadership of the Spirit of God, in one supreme effort to secure, at the earliest possible day, the preaching of the Gospel to every creature. Such a program is no child's play. It becomes, at once, a mighty test of faith and a demand for statesmanship of the highest order.

A review of the world field compels the conviction that the time is ripe for a great advance. The Holy Spirit has been at work in many lands, blessed the seed which has been sown, and ripened the fields to the harvest. In China, in India, and in large sections of Africa, where dense populations are massed, the missionary body is overwhelmed with the almost countless villages asking for Christian teachers and evangelists. The urgency of the situation cannot be overestimated. Some of the greatest conquests of the Cross have been made during the past ten years, but greater ones are within our grasp. It is not now a question of the attitude of the non-Christian nations, but of Christendom. They are turning to Christ as their only hope. We are in danger of substituting modern civilization for vital Christianity, and of shifting the basis of faith from the sure foundations to the quicksands of expediency and doubt.

The Apostolic Church wrought marvels towards the evangelization of the world during the first century of missionary effort without machinery and without material resources. The secret of it all lay in its faith, in its leadership and in its passion. Its faith was born of God in the School of Prayer, its

leadership was that of the Holy Spirit, and its missionary passion was inspired by the conscious presence of the living Christ. It had found the missionary dynamic.

To win the world of to-day, plans must be laid which are commensurate with the task. The dimensions of that task, its demands and responsibilities, have been immensely increased during the past decade. The emergence of nationalistic aspirations; the action and reaction of international forces; the recrudescence of religious faiths; the unrest and detachment of large populations; the rapid growth of economic and social questions; and the openness to approach of students and faculties in the world's centres of learning, are only a few of the factors which demand a recasting of missionary policies. Any one of these is sufficient for a lifetime study. But to grasp them as a whole, unify the currents and forces at work, and bring them under the influence of the Gospel is a feat which demands the most consummate skill and commanding generalship.

The racial problems of the age are more acute than at any time in the history of the world. The growth of population, of commerce, of economic relations, and of nationalism, has led to a jostling of peoples, a ne-

cessity for readjustment, and a failure to recognize the rights of the weaker. It is here that we need to have the cosmopolitan mind and spirit of Christ, and to practice such sympathy and sense of brotherhood as shall help men to realize that the Kingdom of God knows neither racial nor national lines, but makes the gift of God free to every man.

A leadership is needed which will, under a higher leadership, be on the alert to study the outstanding difficulties of every situation and to throw the entire force of its influence into the place of greatest need. To do this there must be open-mindedness, heroic courage, a spirit of self-abandon, and a masterful grasp of the largest questions, moral, social and religious—a leadership full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

Jesus loved the world. He taught that it should be used, but not abused. He loved it because He made it. He lived and worked in it. He found His disciples there. He did not take them out of the world, but held them in it, and appointed them to their task. He withdrew temporarily from the outer and visible manifestation of the world, that He might return to it as it were from the inner and invisible, and be everywhere and with every man, if every man would only permit.

It tremendously emphasized the worth of a soul when Jesus said, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" Here is valuation measured by the infinite. Christ died for it. And yet men will put everything upon the block and under the hammer—manhood, faith, morals, in the present, and mortgage the future—for the sake of the world. When men do that they barter the higher for the lower; their birthright for a mess of pottage. The higher is lost, and the lower shrivels like an autumn leaf, or is consumed until not a vestige remains upon which to build a spiritual Kingdom or an immortal character.

The ten commandments are not annulled by the moral law of the Kingdom which Jesus came to establish, as some would have men think. His moral law only supersedes "by including them in a greater, deeper and more positive whole." The commandments became, with traditionalism, a dead letter. Through Jesus' life more than in His teaching, they have become instinct with a personal significance. "The moral law of the new Kingdom is a law," says Bishop Gore, "which recognized and accepted by the individual conscience is to be applied in order to

establish a new social order." It could only do this through a personality sufficiently powerful to vivify it. This personality belonged to Jesus. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." "The law was given that men might seek grace," says Augustine, and adds "grace was given that the law might be fulfilled." Men would not seek grace. So Christ had to come seeking them with grace streaming from heaven through His sacrificial love. Thus was the law fulfilled, for love is the fulfilling of the law. Get men to see and feel this, and you get them to accept the commandments with joy because they accept Christ.

The world does not need less of God, but more of a sense of the divine Fatherhood. It is that Fatherhood, in and through Himself, Jesus came to manifest unto the world. It was not a declaration, but a manifestation; not so much a message even, as a life. Belief in the existence of one God was, for Israel, an immense advance upon a belief in many gods. But the Jewish idea of one God as Father was nationalistic, rather than personal. "I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my first born."

A nationalistic conception of God is not

sufficient to satisfy the craving of the individual soul for companionship; and a mere theistic faith, however high and noble, cannot sustain moral character and quicken purpose into loving obedience and a life of joyful fellowship. There must be a revelation of God as Father whose infinite nearness, tenderness and love can be realized in human experience. That revelation has come in Jesus Christ, in order that through Him we may know the Father, and knowing the Father thus revealed we come to know Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

The cry of the human heart for God is as old as humanity, and will not be stifled. It was the patriarch Job in the earliest centuries who exclaimed, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat. . . . I would know the words which He would answer me, and understand what He would say unto me." His was a cry out of the night, a cry out of the soul depths for light and for God.

"If God had not said, 'Blessed are those that hunger,' I know not what could keep weak Christians from sinking in despair. Many times all I can do is to complain that I want Him, and wish to recover Him," said Bishop Hall.

The testimony of an African chief in the heart of the Dark Continent echoes the same sentiment. It was late in the afternoon. Our day's march brought us to his village. It stood upon a high hill which overlooked broad ribbons of tropical forest, enclosing a stream of silver that wound itself in and out of the green, and beyond these the golden veldt with its spreading plains which seemed to reach into the beyond as it pushed against the sky-line of purple clouds. It was a scene of entrancing beauty. "Do you believe there is a God?" I asked. "Oh, yes," he replied, "there is not a man among us who does not believe in Nzambe. He created our forefathers and gave us these lands." "Then why do you not worship Him?" With a look of sadness the chief of a great people slowly answered, "He is not here. He has taken Himself away. We do not know where He has gone. To whom then are we to offer our prayers? We want Him, but if we pray how do we know that He hears us?"

A great life has never been lived without a vision, nor has an enterprise of world dimensions ever been launched in the absence of one. It is not the soul taking the measure of itself; that might prove to be an inhibition of one's powers—a consciousness of limita-

tions that would prove fatal. It is seeking rather to measure its God-appointed task, and what task is too great for a soul that finds a peculiar joy in attempting the impossible!

Does not our power to see stir our power to do? In weak lives it is mere imagination, and stimulates to the point of desire only. In strong lives this power to see is vision. Desire grows swiftly into purpose, and where there is large potentiality in seeing, there will be corresponding power in the doing. The actual is not far off, when the gift to see is near.

The use of the word vision may be overdone in our day, but the fact itself cannot be ignored. There has been too much of it in God's dealing with men to ignore it. Moses and the burning bush; Paul and the man of Macedonia; Wesley and his world-parish; are not these men whose eyes were made to see the possibilities of God's Kingdom?

It is well for a man if vision comes early, for it is given to old men to dream dreams; but if not early, let it come late. The age of the soul is not measured by time, but rather by its ideals. Whether early or late, these must ever be lifted up and beyond us, never to be reached, but never to be lost sight of.

Better loss of life itself than loss of one's ideals.

Is it not Maeterlink who says, "Let us rejoice in regions higher than the little truths that our eyes can seize"? There are such regions. They lie back there with God, awaiting the gift to see. Our train dragged itself along the heavy grade in its journey across the continent. Sand-dunes and sage-brush formed the background of the sombre picture. Suddenly the distant Sierras lifted themselves, sunlit and snow-capped, into the blue. The sense of height, of purity, of power, and shall I say of God, came over us. It was like the thrill that comes to the soul from the discovery of larger truths, of higher ideals, and of the revelation of God Himself. It is this which has come, at home and abroad, into many a missionary life with its long stretches of waiting, and years of dull plodding. Suddenly the sky-line breaks. The valleys are flooded with light, the peaks are aglow with hope, and God is everywhere.

"Perhaps the earliest requisite of an effective life is a vision."[1] If that be true, vision must be followed by obedience. Prompt and unquestioning obedience in the extension of

[1] The Rt. Rev. Chas. H. Brent, "Adventure for God," p. 2.

God's Kingdom must follow the revelation of God's will. The record is that the Apostle to the Gentiles was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. Cost what it might, he was ready to pay the price when once the will of God was made known. He was no man to drift. The fires of his soul burned too intensely for that, but it was necessary there should be a mighty awakening to real conditions and divine demands, a confronting of the human by the divine spirit, before he could consecrate all his masterful energies to Christ.

Many a man does drift with the sleepy current, unmindful of life's perils or duties, until a bend in the stream comes. He is suddenly swept into troubled waters, high banks frown upon him and he is stirred to action. Dangerous reefs are about him, but beyond are opening vistas of beauty and of glory. He awakes to a sense of struggle, of conscious manhood and of deepened responsibility. He bends to his oars until his little craft becomes instinct with life; he leaps to the shore; he has become a man with a man's work; the consciousness of power and of mission is upon him.

Isaiah drifted upon the easy optimism of his day until the Lord as One high and

lifted up, and yet terribly near, confronted him in the temple. From that day he was the prophet with an evangel. Austin Flint, Jr., the brilliant physiologist, son of a great physician, wasted his life, unconscious of his magnificent powers, until rudely awakened by a faithful friend to both duty and responsibility. It took Stanley's appeal for Uganda and a group of devoted boys, some of whom became martyrs, to bring Mackay, the engineer missionary, to a full realization of the tremendous possibilities of missionary work. But the vision of a redeemed Baganda, the masterful efforts of a God-sent man, the thrill of the bigness of a task equal to his powers, and faith that he would be given power equal to the task, won for Christ one of the brightest jewels in the redemption of Africa's millions.

The revelation of the Fatherhood of God by Jesus Christ not only gives men a true conception of divine Fatherhood, but a right understanding of their own, in terms of the highest spiritual potentiality. Is there not suggested in the Scriptures such a thing as a yearning for the birth of a soul which gives the sense of spiritual Fatherhood? Paul seems to have such a sense when he says to the Corinthians, "For though ye have ten thou-

sand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers: for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel."

The Apostle refers to it again in his letter to Philemon when he makes his plea in behalf of a runaway slave, converted under his ministry—"I beseech thee for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds." He yearns over his spiritual offspring. It is a glimpse of that travail for lost men upon the part of great souls who have come to a true interpretation of the deep and inner meaning of spiritual Fatherhood.

Does this not find a measure of expression in the aching heart of Henry Martyn in Calcutta when he says: "I was much burdened with the consciousness of blood guiltiness; and though I cannot doubt of my pardon by the blood of Christ, how dreadful the reflection that any should perish that might have been saved by my exertions!" Is it not in the strong crying and tears of David Brainerd as he bows his knees upon the snow beneath the New England pines and makes intercession for his beloved Indians?

Our indebtednes to the Hebrew race is not based alone upon the preservation of the historic idea, and fact, of the existence of the

one true and living God, supreme in nature and sovereign among men. There is another truth, greater and more insistent, the rejection and loss of which has been the tragedy of their race:—the presence of God in Jesus Christ as Saviour, dealing personally with man, and entering by faith into his personal consciousness. While other faiths may, with Christianity, hold the Deity as existent in the past, Christianity alone affirms that its Lord and Saviour lives in the present, as the Light of the World, and reveals Himself not by reflected light, but in person to the personal consciousness of every man who believes. In every successive generation, therefore, the miracle of revelation is being repeated, not through the written word by inspired men, but on the tablets of human hearts by the Holy Spirit.

"Do not talk to me," said Coleridge, "of the evidences of Christianity. Try it. It has been eighteen hundred years in existence, and nobody who has tried it on its own terms has ever challenged it as a failure." "Try it," exclaims the chemist to his laboratory assistant who suggests the possibilities of a new combination. "Try it," urges the professor of mathematics when his student proposes a new demonstration

of a theorem. Will any man challenge the scientific basis of such tests? Who then will have the temerity to object to the Psalmist when he says, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Who shall cast a doubt upon the soundness of the Apostle's assurance, and ten thousand like him, who has put Jesus Christ to the test and exclaims —"I know whom I have believed."

Ours is an age in which the growth and power of the sentiment of the common people is being recognized as never before. Such a sentiment will more and more be based upon the consciousness of a world brotherhood. The consciousness is already here, and in the presence of the greatest war of history, an international conscience is being awakened. No man liveth unto himself. We share in the sin, the shame and in the consequences of the tragedy. In other words, the recognition of a true nationalism is coming, in which fundamental unities are emerging and international obligations will be adequately emphasized. Back of all this is a recognition of the fact that "humanity is broader than nationality," and brotherhood deeper than citizenship.

Ours is a century which while it emphasizes doctrine rather than dogma, and catho-

licity rather than creed, will not lose sight of essential truth. We are entering an age in which the true symphony will be a mind in sympathy with the truth, a heart attuned to the welfare of humanity, and a soul in harmony with the will of God. We live in an age of unparallelled opportunity. Its interpretation is in terms of unprecedented reponsibility. The forces that make for good, on the one hand, are building individual life and national destiny into new forms and a new order. The forces that make for evil, on the other, are threatening the very foundations of society and of our civilization. We are stirred by the one; we are solemnized by the other. The sense of mission and of opportunity brings us to our feet and impels to action. The sense of peril and of responsibility forces us to our knees and to prayer.

There is in it all a reminder of an Alpine experience of George Adam Smith. With great difficulty he had climbed the Weisshorn overhanging the Zermatt valley. Only a few feet remained. With a sense of exhilaration which the successful ascent of such heights alone can give, he made a final and almost superhuman effort and sprang upon the pinnacle. There was nothing but the blue dome of heaven above, and the clear

attenuated ether about him. It was a moment of supreme exultation, for the shoulders of the gigantic mountain range lay at his feet; but his faithful guide shouted, "Upon your knees, sir, upon your knees! It is perilous to stand there; you are safe only upon your knees."

An almost superhuman task lies before us. We must get its true perspective. The world must be won for Christ—the world of material forces and of men. With Him there is no secular. It is all religious. It is all the Kingdom of our God. Let us all have a share in it. We have reverently prayed, "Thy Kingdom Come," and it does come silently, but with power. Fields of activity lie about us on every side. Possibilities of conquest and achievement in nature and in grace are at our feet and stretch beyond the horizon. A sense of exhilaration rather than of mission comes over us. Can we stand here? It is perilous. We need to pray a prayer that has infinite reach to it—the prayer that to our personality be added the mighty plus of another Personality. It is Christ we supremely need, for "He is God: God breaking out of the spiritual realm and descending from the height of His greatness." He is God descending into the valley of suf-

fering and of death to lead us to the rescue of lost and sinful men. Without Him our civilization, our mission and our Christianity will utterly fail. With Him victory is assured for with His coming, into your life and mine, there comes the Kingdom of God.

LECTURE II

THE HOLY SPIRIT: GOD SEEKING MAN

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GOD through His Spirit is searching for men. He needs men to whom He can impart His truth, and who can be trusted to deliver His message in terms of sympathy and power. This does not mean that God depends upon the wisdom of man, or the power of man. He distinctly says that not many wise are chosen, and that it is not by might nor by power. He seeks those who are willing and have capacity for faith. The difference in faith between men is the difference between a telescope with a six inch objective and one of sixty in power to search the heavens and to bring forth orbs of light from the dark and fathomless recesses of the sky. If the Spirit of God sought such men as Elijah and Paul, Luther and Wesley, why should not we, in our endeavour to win the world, deliberately ally ourselves with the Spirit in the search for those who are seeking God, who are waiting for Him and are ready to do His will. It is those who are open to

the Spirit—those who can become spirit-filled —who will best pioneer the way of the Kingdom for generations to come.

"The history of speculative philosophy shows one long search of man after God; the revelation of the Bible shows one long search of God for man. God's first question to man with which begins the wonderful story of His concern for the race is, 'Where art thou?'"[1]

The Holy Spirit is a Person; the creative energy of the universe, the executive of the Godhead. The Holy Spirit is the great pioneer of missions. He it is who has outlined the missionary program, given direction to it, and put meaning into it. He searches for men who may become the depository for God's thought and instruments of God's power. He expresses Himself through men, and delivers Himself upon the individual and upon the race.

The Holy Spirit administers the Kingdom, carries forward the divine purpose, times events, brings men together through wonderful providences, and prepares men, peoples and nations for the Gospel. The Holy Spirit not only accompanies the missionary, but precedes him. The Karens were a people

[1] Bishop E. R. Hendrix, "The Personality of the Holy Spirit," p. 5.

providentially prepared for the missionary; the Hawaiians were in the act of abolishing the tabu and of destroying their fetishes when the first missionaries landed; the Koreans are an outstanding illustration of a nation wrought upon by the Holy Spirit from the opening of the Hermit Kingdom to missions to the day of the great revival. Joseph Neesima, when only a lad, was found of God in his home in Japan, while Samuel Crowther was led, by a series of wonderful providences, out of slavery and witchcraft into a ministry of service which demonstrated the intelligent, purposeful leadings of the Spirit of God.

It was the Holy Spirit who prepared the way and timed the hour for Pentecost—"the real starting point of Christianity." He brought Peter and Cornelius together—when Jew and Gentile were as far apart as the poles; set the feet of Philip the evangelist in the way of the Ethiopian enquirer; and opened the heart of Lydia at Philippi to attend unto the things which were spoken of Paul.

The coming of the Holy Spirit was to the apostles and to the Church a guarantee of the ultimate triumph of the Gospel which had been committed to them. In the final struggle with nature and evil spirits a divine

energy was needed concentrated in a divine person and yet transcending all the limitations of incarnate life. It was the Paraclete of whom Jesus spoke when He said: "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, who proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me."

The Holy Spirit is immanent among men. He is the source of life, of power and the transmitter of God's gifts. The incarnation of Jesus, of which He was the immediate agent, has demonstrated how the Holy Spirit works with and in behalf of the Son, and has found expression in a marvellous way through Him, and through those who believe in Him. It was through the Holy Spirit that Jesus received His divine credentials at baptism; was led in the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted; returned victorious by the power of the Spirit; began His ministry with the anointing of the Spirit, gave commandments to His disciples through Him, designated Him as the Promise of the Father and pledged the enduement of power to the apostles when the descent of the Holy Spirit should be made. This pledge was fulfilled upon the day of Pentecost, ten days subsequently.

The Holy Spirit is therefore no mere efflu-

ence. His personality is a reality. He is God realized and interpreted, not in terms of the flesh, but in terms of the Spirit. He is Christ, in and through whom the love of God, the truth of God, and the life-giving power of the eternal God have been manifested. He is the third person of the Godhead, very and eternal God.

"The Holy Spirit is distinctly and exclusively the messenger and representative of the Son, and undertakes nothing apart from Him, or outside of the limits of His mediatorial life and work. He is at one with the Son as the Son is with the Father, and as entirely given to do the will of Him that sent Him as is the Son. 'He shall not speak of Himself,' said Christ; 'but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak. . . . He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you.' The vague conception of a benignant spiritual influence operating upon the hearts of men, as the fitful breezes of summer move upon their oppressed and languid frames, without distinct purpose or method, is thoroughly disposed of by this sharply defined commission to personal service in exclusive relation to the purpose and work of the Son of God." [1]

[1] Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson, "The Witnesses to Christ," p. 178.

The Holy Spirit has it in His power not only to inspire men, to give and to record a revelation of God, but to strengthen and energize men for the constructive work of organization and leadership in the extension of the Kingdom of God. If the Spirit of God could bestow upon Abraham the gift of faith, upon Moses the gift of leadership, upon Paul the gift of interpreting the mind of Christ and of pioneering the way for the Gospel, He has equally called such men as Swartz and Duff in India, Griffith John and Hudson Taylor in China, and Bishop Honda of Japan.

The missionary program is not yet complete. Why not search for and expect, pray and diligently work for the finding and the development of faithful and courageous men and women who shall do great exploits for their God?

Every great movement, human or divine, if carried to completion, must have adequate leadership. The best of human plans may fail from the lack of a great leader. There can be no failure in God's plan. The Holy Spirit is the divinely appointed leader in the world's evangelization. His leadership is adequate. He is untrammelled in this His dispensation, save by the unbelief of man.

The limitations that were upon Jesus by virtue of His humanity are removed in the case of the Holy Spirit. He is not confined to any geographical area, but can pioneer the way in every land. He can be personally present, draw the bolts of every door, strike the shackles from every limb, make personal intercession for every saint and sinner, interpret God's thought to every seeker after truth, and bear witness with every child of God that Jesus is able to save, has saved, and does now save from sin unto the power of an endless life.

The heroine of South Africa, Mrs. Robert Moffat, had remarkable insight into the method of work of the Holy Spirit. A diligent student of the Scriptures and a close observer of men, she reached the conclusion that spiritual processes were at work beneath the surface of human life, unseen and unrealized even in the remote places of the earth.

"We have solid reason to believe," she writes in a letter, "that there are many persons who are the subjects of an abiding conviction of their position as sinners before God, and are in the constant and diligent use of the means of grace, which we doubt not will be effectual through the Spirit in leading

them to the Saviour of sinners. The Spirit of God has commenced His operations and surely He will go on."

Dr. Howard Agnew Johnson gives a beautiful illustration of the silent ongoing of the work of the Spirit in the human heart. It is a man's search for God, and God's revealing Himself to a man in the person of a governor of a remote province in Siam. A missionary who had heard something of the facts sought an audience that he might have the experience of this distinguished yet humble believer. As he entered the grounds of the palace he saw a venerable man through the trees standing on the veranda, with his wife by his side. At the approach of the visitors they exclaimed, "Hosanna, Hosanna."

The story was as follows: Many years before while mending a broken idol he called his wife's attention to the human hand and how much greater it was than those lifeless images. They agreed it was absurd to continue such worship so they destroyed the idols, returned to the empty room and began without book or guide to worship the greatest being in the universe. This they continued for thirty years, "if haply they might feel after Him and find Him."

The passing of a colporteur through the

province, with Bibles for sale, secured for him the very Word of God. Together the devout couple read the sacred writings. Upon reaching the passage in the Acts of the Apostles where Paul's sermon on Mars Hill is recorded and where he addressed those who worshipped before the altar of the unknown God, he exclaimed, "We have been living in Athens for thirty years." Urged by his people to give them a statement of his faith, he wrote it down and taking it from a little box he read it to the missionary as follows, "I believe in God the Father, who made all things. I believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God as my Saviour. I believe in the Holy Ghost as my Comforter and teacher."

God, through His Spirit, has ever been seeking to make Himself known to man. He employs various methods to reach and influence men, but seems to adjust His method of approach to primitive people in ways that may best reach untutored minds.

Warneck, after years of study of animistic religions in the Indian archipelago, remarks, "God often influences the inner life of the heathen by dreams and visions in such a manner that all psychological explanations leave something inexplicable. The function of these is to point to the Gospel, as yet little

heeded." These phenomena have been so constant, so wide-spread, so powerful in turning men and entire communities to God, and have fallen under the observation of so many reliable witnesses that they can neither be discredited nor ignored. In the Battak Mission, the attention of not a few heathen was drawn to Christianity through dreams. The Kols are said to have dreamed of the coming of missionaries long before they arrived. It is recorded that the savage head hunters on the island of Nias were led to accept Christianity through a dream.

A Norwegian missionary reports the experience of an old man among the Santals as follows :—In a dream, a man appeared to him and said : "Go from thy village to a place which I shall show thee ; thou wilt find something which thou wilt take to the missionary, and he will explain it to thee. Thereby thou wilt receive life ; and then thou wilt bring it to others." He went to the place by night, and after long waiting found a piece of written paper, which he carried to the missionary. It was a Christian Santal poem, and this the missionary used to expound to him the message of salvation. He came to Christ and laboured to bring his village to the truth.

The Karens in northern Burmah give another illustration of God's dealings with a primitive people. A tradition among them, originating in a dream, had assumed the nature of a prediction, that their enlightenment would some day come through white men who would restore the "word of Ywah" (God), which they had lost. An humble Karen, converted while in the service of Doctor Judson, became an apostle to his people—the famous Ko-thay-byu. With the thrilling news that the long expected teacher had come, they flocked from every section of their hill country to hear him, and thousands embraced the Christian faith.

Fifty years ago, on the China coast, a junk entering the mouth of the Yangtse River was boarded by robbers. The sailors were killed or thrown into the sea. A young man by the name of Hu, son of a Tientsin merchant, leaped overboard, swam to the shore and made his way to Shanghai. While passing the door of a chapel in the walled city his attention was attracted by a sermon from Rev. J. W. Lambuth which led to his conversion. For five years he preached with the missionary along the canals and on the rice junks near the city of Suchow. Returning to Tientsin an effective evangelist, he was

preaching in a street chapel when a venerable Chinaman entered, listened eagerly and at the close of the service told his story. A Buddhist in early life, his idols gave him no comfort. Later he became a Confucianist, but failed to realize God. He yearned for light, but there seemed to be none for him. He wanted God, but knew not where to find Him. But God wanted him, and in a dream, which seemed more like a vision, he was impressed that he must set out on foot for Tientsin, a journey of many miles. There he would find a man who could tell him about God. Arrived in the city he had wandered from place to place, until he entered the chapel. At once he realized the fulfillment of his dream. Here he was to find God. He did find Him, for his acceptance of Christ was immediate and joyful. Mr. Hu returned with his friend, "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called him to preach the Gospel in Laoling. From that single household as a centre, the great Laoling work spread in ever-widening circles until scores of villages accepted the Gospel.

Warneck in reviewing this subject makes the following comment: "God, like a wise teacher, condescends to the childlike thought of uncivilized man, that He may tell him, in

a way he can understand, things which he would otherwise hardly accept. We cannot fully explain these soul-processes without the thought of the divine influence working there. We must not banish such experiences to the realm of fable; they are too well attested and they are met with everywhere among animistic peoples with considerable regularity. Neither must we overestimate them. They have nothing more than a preparatory significance; they lead no further than to the door of the Gospel. Like other divine reminders, they may be disregarded; they may also be misinterpreted and abused. In such divinely influenced processes of soul, which have abundant parallels in the Old and New Testaments, we see the sway of God, whose sovereign hand interposes in the destiny of men and turns their hearts like the water-brooks."[1]

"To the African," says Mr. Dan Crawford, "a dream is an *avant-courier* from to-morrow, a whisper out of eternity for the guidance of men. Farther east I came across a proof of this. Coming out of the grass, I met a band of solemn looking men with a curious old-world look in their faces. Wonder of

[1] Warneck, "The Living Christ and Dying Heathenism," p. 182.

wonders, they were a 'dream embassy,' said they; had travelled a long way and were on foot on a kind of missionary journey from one chief to another, his friend and faithful ally of years. A 'dream embassy,' mark you, God having spoken to their chief in a great dream; and the solemnity of it all had so sunk into the monarch's soul that he sent off these missionaries of his dream to warn his dear friend, a brother-king, of the ways of God with man.

"So serious is this dream-telling that they have coined a special verb (Lotolwela), 'to expound a dream.' Not in the temper of mere expediency did I listen to their sacred story, the African *tête-à-tête* with the Infinite, men on the march for many miles, their theme, God! God! God! Picture me there a dazed missionary listening to these dream-tellers—listening and wondering—listening and wondering—as with uplifted hands they point skywards and paint it all so vividly. Telling me of the stately goings of God in their far-away marsh; how that He challenged their king as to his dignity; how that the king responded with his long array of titles; and how that the more he vaunted before God the less did his strength become. Yet again and again did God so ask him who he was, and

just so often did their king make this foolish boast of dignity—only to find his strength oozing out of his body. But just as, in painting, light is brought out by shade, so this king learned the secret of power from this very secret of weakness. For finally God said He 'would make an end,' and this word 'end' was the beginning of bliss. Said the monarch: 'King? No king am I, but a worthless slave. All Kingship is Thine and all power!' Then it was the wondrous tide of power flowed back into his body: the weakling now a giant; the abject a strong man, made strong out of weakness.

"Mere dream though it was, it has solemnly crystallized into dogma, and here am I, a missionary, stumbling across these other 'dream-missionaries' in the grass. In our zeal for God's written record we are too apt to treat all this as a weird and doubtful business—mere misty dream. Forgetful of the fact that God's own book it is that declares, 'In a dream . . . He openeth the ears of men.' Forgetful, likewise, that if England does not get these divine dreams it is because England, a land full of Bibles, does not need them. Forgetful, finally, that God may *speak* to those to whom He does not write." [1]

[1] Dan Crawford, "Thinking Black," p. 57.

The world is to be won by making man think God's thoughts. Intellectualism without religion is perilous to the individual, to society and to the State. Religion without intelligence quickly degenerates into superstition and immorality. History is replete with illustrations of the evils of intellectualism without moral character and religion. As to the latter there are many tribes and primitive races whose traditions and folk-lore indicate the existence in the past of a higher form of religious faith, but the lack of reverent thought and of intelligent obedience has led to degenerate religious conceptions.

The ungodly man will not think because he dare not. His sin confronts him. The heathen does not think because he cannot, he has lost the power. But man must think or he is lost. The Holy Spirit, who has been styled the Thinker of the Godhead, seeks men and sets them to thinking by a divine compulsion. He it is who reveals, inspires, and compels to thought by the very force of His character. "Man never thinks as when the Spirit of God holds him with some great truth." It is the seed of truth dropped in the soil of the unregenerate heart warmed and energized by the Spirit which leads to an awakening from death to life. It

is the function of the Holy Spirit to convict of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. The whole process is a compulsion of man's thought, a thinking of God's thought, a quickening of conscience and the true repentance which leads to the re-creation of the life of the soul.

The Holy Spirit sets man to praying because He is the great Intercessor. He teaches to pray. He prompts the offering of prayer and supplication. He selects the object for intercession, and when we do not know what to pray for as we ought, maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

The Holy Spirit sets man to planning because He is the Administrator of the Kingdom of God. Human plans are short-sighted. They lack reach and power. They often fail of their objective. Time and strength are wasted in the multiplication of machinery or in premature efforts put forth in haste. We need to give the Holy Spirit time and liberty. It is He who is able to see the end from the beginning. He is the consummate organizer of the universe and has been entrusted with every detail in the advancement of the Kingdom. To rush in advance of His movement is foolhardy, to fall to the rear and lose sight

of His footsteps is perilous. Man's place is that of intelligent study of God's plans, sympathetic coöperation with His purpose, and a reverent, prayerful alliance with Him who is both Administrator and Intercessor. Into His hands have been committed as a trust the spiritual forces upon which depend the welfare and development of a redeemed humanity—here and hereafter.

Forbidden by the East India Company to make a home in India, the Judsons were compelled to sail for Rangoon, Burma, a Providence which they could not then understand. Here, "remote, unfriended and bereft of every stay but heaven," they passed nearly two years before assurance came that the American Baptists had agreed to establish a Mission and had committed themselves to their support. Out of these circumstances, over which neither they nor any one else seemed to have control, came the formation of a Baptist Board of Missions. The shaping hand belonged to God. "The honour of commencing the Burman Mission," wrote Professor Gammel, "is to be ascribed rather to the Divine Head of the Church, than to any leading movement or agency of the Baptist denomination." Thus the later chapters of the history of the work of the

Holy Spirit in the Church are being written in the lives of faithful believers, and the record is just as much a miracle of the transforming presence and power of the Holy Spirit as in the days of the Apostolic Church.

The case of Barnabas Shaw is another striking illustration of the agency of the Holy Spirit as the Pioneer of missions. He landed in Cape Town in 1815. The Dutch were intolerant, and denied him permission to preach the Gospel. Buying a yoke of oxen and a wagon, he and his wife trekked into the interior with their little earthly store, not knowing where they should establish a mission, but looking to the Lord for guidance. They journeyed three hundred miles, and on the twenty-seventh day stopped for the night. The camp-fires of a company of natives, near by, attracted attention. To Shaw's astonishment it was a band of pagan Hottentots, led by their chief, who were on their way to the Cape in quest of a missionary to teach them "the Great Word."

"Had either party started a half-day earlier or later they would not have met; but as it was, they met just in the nick of time, and that nick of time proved such a juncture of Providence as has rarely occurred in the history of God's Church. What is this

but a modern chapter of the Acts of the Apostles?"[1]

After God had declared Himself through Jesus Christ to be the Father of spirits, could He be contented with the revelation of Himself as an impersonal force? That would have been to fall back again upon law, and the deadening influence of soulless power. It was necessary that the incarnation and epiphany of the Son of God should be succeeded by the knowledge of the personality and epiphany of the Holy Spirit. Without Him the apostles could not do the "greater things than these" which the Master had promised. To deny the personality and to withhold the epiphany of the Holy Spirit would have been to risk the collapse of the whole enterprise of preaching the Gospel to every creature. That enterprise is a personally conducted one, or nothing. He who leads is no other than the Person who was manifested at Pentecost, at Cæsarea, and at Ephesus. It is He who has been manifesting Himself on every occasion and in every place where men and women, devoted to the one work of winning the world, have sought His presence. His seal should be set to their prayers and to the work of their hands.

[1] A. J. Gordon, "The Holy Spirit in Missions," p. 96.

The apostles wrote, and wrought, and lived, "in a very atmosphere of power, so supreme was the consciousness that God dwelt graciously within, and was moving omnipotently without." For them to realize God's presence through the ministry of the Holy Spirit, was to create and extend an atmosphere of grace and power to all men—the grace of Jesus Christ in the offer of redemption to every man, and the power of Jesus Christ to give life to all the world. If these possibilities were made available to the apostles through the mercy and the love of God, they can and should be availed of by the appropriating faith and loving obedience of every man. To fail to appropriate such gifts and to extend them to others is to fail in our conception of what true brotherhood and apostleship mean.

In a study of the apostolic age we are not justified in the conclusion that the gift of the Holy Spirit was to be confined to that age. Pentecost, it is true, stands back there like some headland marking the fringe of a great continent of grace and of spiritual power. It inaugurated the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, but we are in the midst of that dispensation. Those were days in which signs and wonders were needed. That need

may have passed away, but the great purpose of God remains. His grace is undiminished, His power is not exhausted, and the miracle of transformed lives is as significant and as great as in the earlier centuries. The need of the Holy Spirit is greater if we would measure that need by the openness to the Gospel upon the part of the nations; and of enduement upon the part of the Church for the consummation of the task.

"Nothing," writes William Arthur, "can be more contrary to the whole spirit and genius of a revealed religion than that the progress of years and events should be coupled with a diminishing amount of divine life and grace among men. All things promise us progress, not retrogression. No principle of Christianity, and no passage of the Christian Scriptures, warrants the expectation that the system is to decline with age, and to grow dim before its day ends." [1]

Not only has the Holy Spirit been silently but surely at work in the world among the nations in all ages, but there is an increasing manifestation of His presence and of the divine life and power in these last days. We have not only the promise of progress, but the signs and signals of God's provi-

[1] William Arthur, "The Tongue of Fire," p. 112.

dence. Man's prayer has been preceded by God's preparation. Expectation is in the air and wide-spread. God's power is being released in many fields and His Spirit is flowing through many channels. Now, let there be a fulfillment of the Scripture, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."

The story of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Church in Uganda is but an illustration of the unloosing of spiritual forces in other fields. So deeply had Pilkington come to feel the dearth of results, and the need of a divine reënforcement, that he retired to Komé, an island in Victoria Nyanza Lake. There, for a few days, he spent the time in searching the Scriptures and in supplication. The immediate occasion of his distress and self-examination was the experience of Musa, a native convert, who had requested that he be reported to the church as having returned to heathenism. Upon being asked if he understood what he was doing, he replied, "Do you think I have been reading seven years and do not understand? Your religion does not profit me at all. I have done with it."

It was a terrific home thrust. Pilkington, the successor of Mackay, a Cambridge Uni-

versity graduate who had won a place "in the highest division of the Classical Tripos of his year," and was an able translator of the Bible into both the Luganda and Swahili, had not learned the secret of power—the most important secret in the life of any Christian worker, and especially a missionary. Speaking of it several years later at a great meeting of students in Liverpool, he gives this simple, straightforward account of it:

"If it had not been that God enabled me, after three years in the mission field, to accept by faith the gift of the Holy Spirit, I should have given up the work. I could not have gone on as I was then. A book by David, the Tamil evangelist, showed me my life was not right; that I had not the power of the Holy Ghost. I had consecrated myself hundreds of times, but I had not accepted God's gift. I saw now that God commanded me to be filled with the Spirit. Then I read, 'All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them,' and claiming this promise, I received the Holy Spirit."

What followed the renewal of the spiritual life of this missionary, of whom Bishop Keener once said, "He is, perhaps, the best

illustration in modern missions of the work and power of the Holy Spirit"? He returned from Komé and gave his experience. The missionaries who heard pledged themselves to pray for the same gift. The following morning the native church was assembled. Pilkington again told the story of his own sense of need, of heart hunger, and of God's wonderful supply through His Spirit. Nor did he hide from the congregation the purpose of the disappointed Musa to turn his back upon Christianity. He confessed the shame of it all, accepted his share of responsibility and called the church to prayer. The effect was electrical. Hundreds were on their knees confessing their sins and praying for forgiveness. Confession was followed by surrender, by acceptance of Christ and of the gift of the Holy Spirit. For more than four hours this continued. Other services were set for that day and the next. Five hundred were at the sunrise prayer-meeting next morning, and two hundred remained to the after meeting for special inquiry. Sunday was a great day. They were in the midst of a sweeping revival which was characterized by public confession of sin and acceptance of divine grace. Among the number were several chiefs, and the Katakiro, or Prime Min-

ister. Musa, himself, was restored to his faith.

It was the repentance unto the remission of sins of which Peter spoke at Pentecost and the fulfillment of his words—"And ye shall receive the Holy Spirit. For to you is the promise and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto Him."

In Ezekiel the vision of the valley of dry bones is followed by the vision of the holy waters. Out from the invisible sanctuary and from under the threshold of the habitation of God's Spirit, the waters flowed in ever enriching streams. "And everything shall live whither the river cometh."

How beautiful an illustration of this river of spiritual life does the traveller find in the Nile. The great river of Egypt threads its way out of the unseen, and for centuries the unknown, and winds ribbon-like through the long narrow valley for hundreds of miles. Back in the heart of the mysterious African continent is the immense lake and the inexhaustible springs, from which it draws its supply. From the perennial swelling of those fountains rolls the rich tide through desert wastes, by burning sands, temple ruins and buried cities, until in green fields

and growing gardens the heart of man is made glad. Where once was parched and arid ground one may now ride through acres of wheat and clover and along "avenues of tamarisk, fig trees and acacia," and following on watch the great stream empty itself by many mouths into the blue sea.

It is a figure of the River of Life—the River of God. "And everything shall live whither the river cometh." Inflow from above, ankle deep, knee deep, loin deep, risen waters, "waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over,"—sweeping along majestically in its might. Overflow on every side, through sluice gates and open channels, over land and waiting fields, until the seed sown beside all waters yields the abundant harvest. "We are on the flood side of Pentecost." The tide is rising, and the harvest is near. The victory of faith shall be repeated. The impulse of a new life has come because of the overflow of the Spirit.

It took power for William Carey to go down into the pit, but Jesus said, "Ye shall receive power," and he went down with only one man, Andrew Fuller, to hold the ropes. It took power for Bishop Pattison to give his life to evangelize a lot of Melanesian savages, but his Lord said, "Ye shall receive

power," and he sacrificed his life with five bleeding wounds received at their hands. It took power for a young physician to give up his professional ambitions, but "Ye shall receive power," said the Great Physician, and he went forth to seek and to save the lost, and Nixon stricken by yellow fever yielded up his life in Mexico. It took power for a great-hearted woman, the centre of a circle of devoted friends, to surrender a position as an educator that any one might covet, but Laura Haygood believed in the words of the world's greatest Teacher, received power, and spent her life for China's women and children, saying, "Wherever there is a soul without Christ there is my mission field." It takes power for a rich young man to lay down his wealth at Jesus' feet and follow Him; but "Ye shall receive power" are the answering words of the great Master of men, and young William Borden surrendered his millions cheerfully, and threw himself into the fight with Zwemer in Cairo against the Mohammedan advance and followed in the martyrs' train.

"The power, after all, by which we are to work in this effort to accomplish, as far as we may, God's purpose in the world, is the power of the Holy Ghost. It is not in the

truths, stupendous as they are; it is not in the facts, transcendent as they are; it is not in the tender and terrible solemnity and pathos of the Cross of Christ, even; it is in the power of the Holy Ghost given unto us." [1]

The personal superintendence by the Holy Spirit of the missionary work of the Apostolic Church was a notable and unique feature of that work. The leaders in the movement recognized it, and yielded themselves to His guiding personality. "And as they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Spirit said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. . . . So they, being sent forth by the Holy Spirit, went down to Seleucia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus." He vigorously promoted their itineration on ever expanding circles, or effectively hindered their efforts to enter fields that were not ready.

They adjusted themselves to a divinely ordered policy which was not so much to have them move along the lines of least resistance, as to enter fields providentially prepared; make use of trade routes and military roads; occupy, as a part of missionary strategy, centres of population with Jewish

[1] R. S. Storrs, "Addresses on Foreign Missions."

colonies and synagogues as a base for operations ; and from those centres evangelize the provincial towns and rural sections.

The record is that Paul and his companions went throughout the region of Phrygia and Galatia, but being prevented by the Holy Spirit from evangelizing in Asia and Bithynia, they came down to Troas. Here the vision was given in which a man of Macedonia appeared to Paul, beseeching him, and saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

There was no hesitation. These men were sensitive to the touch of God. "Straightway," says the historian of that wonderful hour pregnant with possibilities for the Roman empire, and for nations yet in the womb of the future, "Straightway, we sought to go forth into Macedonia, concluding that God had called us to preach the Gospel unto them."

It is the more remarkable that the progress of these missionaries should have been westward instead of towards the Orient. But others of the apostolic group were intended for service in the East. Paul, the Roman citizen, had been providentially prepared for leadership in the West. Intelligently guided by the Spirit along the great highways of the nations, away from the cults and mys-

ticism of the Asiatic continent, he pressed forward to the capitals of the younger and more vigorous nations, where, it is true, heathenism was intrenched, but from which, as organized centres of administrative and civic life, the Gospel might the more rapidly and effectively be propagated.

Pilkington after the revival in Uganda made a survey of that field and the methods adopted. He reached the conclusion that a policy of missionary occupation should be apostolic in following the leadership of the Holy Spirit, rather than a hard and fast prearranged program. He argued that missionary and native evangelists should go, if there was any choice, where communities were open and desirous of hearing, rather than spending years in indifferent and hostile sections. In the latter a large measure of the time and strength of the missionary force might be wasted, the native church lose the inspiration of growth and progress, and the home church be saved from long delay and discouragement in waiting for results. A sad commentary on the home church, but has it not always been the least heroic?

His argument so profoundly impressed the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in India that with magnificent generosity

they urged the sending of a strong contingent to Uganda rather than to their own field. It was to meet a demand clearly created by the Spirit of God working in the native church, the fires upon the altar of which were beginning to spread into a flame of evangelism.

This was the policy which led to the opening by the Methodist Episocopal Church, South, of a mission in Korea, and in certain sections of China by the China Inland Mission. Had such been more widely adopted in other fields, far greater progress might have been made in creating centres of spiritual rather than human activity, and in the establishment of self-supporting and self-propagating churches under a native leadership. And yet this cannot be pushed too far. There have been times when it was necessary to capture and hold centres where heathenism has been entrenched for ages and has seemed immovable. Siege guns and not field artillery, infantry rather than flying squadrons, are required for such work. Time is an element. The lesson to the missionary strategist is that he must, in all things, seek to know the mind of Christ and to be led of the Holy Spirit.

When religious faith loses touch with the Spirit of God the perennial source of life, it

ceases to have a vital experience, and becomes powerless to transmit the divine energy to a world of dead souls. This is true of the Church in any age. It is no longer a conductor. Ceasing to be a charged wire, it has become a dead one. There is but one remedy—not the rehabilitation of the Church, but the restoration of the connection with the spiritual dynamo which is the source of power. Then will Christianity be given a message, the Church furnish the messenger, and the Spirit of the living God accompany both with the illuminating and quickening power of His presence.

It was a Personal Dynamic that roused the soul of Savonarola, awakened the gigantic energies of Martin Luther, and kindled the fires of a new evangelism in the heart of Wesley. Fitchett, in writing of conditions in the United Kingdom prior to the great evangelical revival, says that religion was "exhausted of its dynamic elements—the vision of a redeeming Christ; the message of a present and personal forgiveness. . . . Religion translated into terms of living human experience, and dwelling as a divine energy in the soul, was a forgotten thing. An electric lamp without the electric current is a mere loop of calcined fibres, black and

dead. And Christianity itself, in England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was exactly such a circle of dead fibres. What Wesley did was to pour the mystic current of a divine life through the calcined soul of a nation, and so turn blackness into flame." [1] That current was the Spirit of the living God working in and through Wesley to the quickening of a nation and the stirring of a world.

As we follow the luminous track of the Spirit of God in revelation, in history and in missions, we find the purpose and plan for His Kingdom ever expanding, ever moving forward. It was a spring of cool water at Bethlehem, but that spring has become a majestic river which sweeps every shore and waters the ends of the earth. It was a root out of a dry ground at Nazareth, but that root has grown into a mighty tree under the branches of which the nations may find shelter. It was the finest of the wheat which died on Calvary, but out of death came a resurrection in the power of which millions rejoice, to-day, in the hope of eternal life. It was a company of humble Christians at Antioch, but two of them were set apart by the Holy Spirit for the first great missionary jour-

[1] Fitchett, "Wesley and His Century," p. 7.

ney, and one became the Apostle to the Gentile world, preaching the Gospel in the palace of the Cæsars. It was a little group of Christian students of Williams College who met one hundred years ago under a haystack for prayer—their leader, Samuel J. Mills, himself the product of a revival. To-day, out of one movement alone, which had its inspiration back there, over six thousand young men and women are in the foreign field, and tens of thousands are leagued together in the Morning Watch, and in intercessory prayer, that the claims of the Son of God shall be pressed upon all men until He comes in His glory as the all-conquering Christ.

Charles Cuthbert Hall seemed to feel the mighty efflatus of the Spirit when he uttered the words: "The divine Spirit is moving mightily. Searchings of heart are everywhere. A glorious vision of God has swept like sunlight across the field of thought. The influence of religion upon university life is unprecedented. Universities of the West are entering the field of world-Christianization and projecting themselves into regions of the Nearer and Farther East. The Christian students of the world have placed themselves upon a basis that discards racial and sectarian distinctions and have undertaken to

propagate the undifferentiated essence of the Christian religion." [1]

The Holy Spirit seeks men and qualifies them for service in ways of which they are unconscious. The Lone Star Mission in India is a striking illustration of faith, answer to prayer, and the personal leadership of the Holy Spirit. Doctor Jewett, in charge of the station at Ongole, was repeatedly urged by the American Baptist Missionary Society to give up the work. He was immovable. He firmly believed that "God had much people among the Telugus."

At the most critical period of the mission's history, Doctor Jewett, his wife and three converted natives climbed a hill, at dawn, overlooking the valley where the smoke of over fifty heathen villages could be seen. The pressure to close the mission was great, and the prayers were earnest and prolonged. Surely the Spirit Himself was making intercession, for Jewett left the hill convinced that the man for Ongole would be given. Twelve years after that eventful morning that man, who had been providentially prepared among the American Indians in the west, arrived upon the field and set to work. Thirteen years later there were thir-

[1] Hall, "Universal Elements of the Christian Religion," p. 16.

teen thousand converts. The steps of John E. Clough, like those of Alexander Mackay of Uganda, were strangely ordered of the Lord. "I had wanted," says Clough, "to become a lawyer and a politician. . . . Did that hilltop meeting offer any solution to these peculiar reversals in my life?" Surely it did. He knew nothing of the demands that were to be made upon him in India when he received a license as United States Deputy Surveyor. By a remarkable series of events God had found him, qualified him and sent him to India. Twenty years later when famine stalked abroad, the thought was suggested to his mind of completing the Buckingham Canal in the Ongole District, to furnish work and support for thousands of starving people. The British engineers recognized his papers, gave him permission to undertake the work of excavation and thus, unconsciously to themselves and to him, opened the way for a wonderful ministry of applied Christianity which not only saved the lives of thousands, but made him the spiritual leader of a multitude of outcast people.

In the Introduction to her husband's life, Mrs. Clough well says, "A peculiar condition of preparedness was waiting for the contact with him. The man seldom creates the situ-

ation; the two must find each other." The two did find each other, but it was the Holy Spirit who brought the man and the situation together. The impulse which led these pariahs to Clough, who, like his Master, was filled with compassion, was as much hunger of the heart as of the body. Ignorant, despised, downtrodden, social outcasts for centuries, they met, for the first time, a man whose big-hearted sympathy spoke to their own hearts. He knew the Name that charmed men's fears, the panacea for human woes.

"The name of Jesus," says Clough, "was spoken all day long from one end of our line to the other. The preachers carried a New Testament in their pockets. It comforted the people to see the Holy Book of the Christians mid all their distress. They said when they sat down for a short rest, 'Read us again out of your Holy Book about the weary and heavy laden.' That verse, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour,' was often all I had to give the people by way of comfort. The preachers were saying it all day long. It carried us through the famine. It was the verse of the ingathering. We all needed it; for even the strongest among us sometimes felt their courage sinking." [1]

[1] John E. Clough, "Social Christianity in the Orient," p. 248.

No revelation of God to man can be satisfying and final until it is personal. Jesus came revealing in Himself the way of grace and of glory. Here is truth interpreted in terms of life. "And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us," writes the evangelist, "and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten from the Father full of grace and truth."

It became necessary, in the order of revelation, that there should be another epiphany —that of the Holy Spirit. He also comes in person, but not in the flesh. He interprets and communicates the thought and purpose of God to every man according to his faith and capacity to receive. For if it is the Spirit of God that searcheth all things, even the deep things of God, then it must be by the Spirit of God that His own deep purpose for man is to be revealed.

It is a communication based upon fellowship; a revelation growing out of communion with the divine Spirit. The higher ministering in holy things to the intelligence of the lower, that the lower may in turn apprehend and grow into the likeness of the higher. How long it has taken to realize God's yearning to manifest Himself to man. How long has man, whose nature is to seek God, been standing upon the shores of a vast sea

of divine love, all encompassing, the depth and breadth of which remained hidden through the ages and held things unknown to the rulers of this world. "Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love Him. But unto us God revealed them through the Spirit."

"For my part, holding, as I do, that nature itself is divinely constituted and cannot but be closely akin to and pervaded by the supernatural element, and that every forward movement in human history and experience has its origin and impulse in the purpose and power of God, I cannot but be convinced that our life of to-day is more thoroughly pervaded by supernatural forces than was ever any age of miracle. The eye may not see and the ear may not hear it; but the truest and most real things do not make their voices to be heard in the streets, and are not blazoned in lines of fire across the sky. I do not believe in 'natural law in the spiritual world,' but I have an invincible faith in spiritual law in the natural world. In taking account, therefore, of the Spirit's work, while recognizing the added resources furnished in the incarnation and the enlarged

power of human life, we need not go beyond the ordered methods of divine action known in all previous history." [1]

It is His dispensation. He has come, and silently but surely is seeking and reaching the hearts of men. With what calm, but masterful insistence has the Holy Spirit sought to reveal God's will. More insistent than the light which searches the dark places of the earth to illuminate ragged ravine and winding canyon at the dawn of day. More powerful than the tide whose swelling bosom floats every craft and touches every shore; the onward push of which no imperious command can stay.

> "For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

What shall we say concerning such matchless grace and infinite love? What can we say? We bow our heads reverently, adore, and remember the words of Jehovah—"Be still, and know that I am God."

He is in truth a Person ever seeking to communicate Himself to man. An imper-

[1] Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson, "The Witnesses to Christ," pp. 192–193.

sonal God must necessarily be materialistic in nature, and fatalistic in conception. An impersonal God is no God at all. It is only force, and man lands himself thereby in atheism and despair. The very fact that atheists are so rare is evidence in itself of the overwhelming belief of mankind in a personal God. When man worships God in spirit and in truth, it is the human spirit reaching after the divine, communicating with the divine Spirit, and seeking to be filled with the divine Spirit who alone is able to help man fulfill his own true life.

If the Holy Spirit, who was the promise of the Father, and who assumed, after the ascension of Jesus, intimate relations with the apostles and believers, had been a mere impersonal force there would have been a return not to Judaism, nor to deistic belief at best, but a lapse into atheism or a pantheistic cult. The consequence would have been a falling back upon the part of mankind instead of an advance. When His personality and office are ignored we may expect a retrogression in morals and religion. "It were mockery for the Son of God, after the tender and close personal relation with His disciples, to have promised another Comforter, unless another person of the

Holy Trinity were to hold even more intimate and sacred relations with man." [1]

Our religion is missionary not because of any abstract truth it may contain, or ethical teaching it employs, however vitally such truth or ethics seem to be related to men and society. A missionary religion must have a dynamic. There must be a vital experience which is central and controlling in those who propagate it; a conviction that other men need, and must have, both truth and an experience; and a motive powerful and impelling which centres in the one and only Person who is sufficient in Himself to save the world.

In the propagation of such a religion the Holy Spirit shares in the redemptive scheme with the Father and the Son, and qualifies man by illuminating and energizing him for his part in the work. The Holy Spirit does not seek to demonstrate the truth by argument, or enforce it by authority. He does His work by testimony. He stands, as it were, a witness to the truth, and the spiritual embodiment of it—"the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father," of whom Jesus said, "He shall testify of Me." He does

[1] Bishop E. R. Hendrix, "The Personality of the Holy Spirit," p. xi.

not come to spiritualize truth. He comes to spiritualize man that he may apprehend the truth, have the eyes of his understanding enlightened, and know what is the exceeding greatness of God's power to usward who believe.

Truth thus apprehended takes possession of a man. It is set on fire of the Spirit, and man's soul begins to blaze. Man's spirit becomes the candle of the Lord. He is content, like John the Baptist, to burn to the socket, and be consumed if he can give his "Master's nobility the chance to utter itself." Here was the secret of Henry Martyn's devotion when he cried, "Now, let me burn out for Christ." Whether in the wilderness of Judea or on the burning sands of Persia it must be a messenger who possesses the dynamic because sent of the Holy Spirit. Then will be fulfilled with power the words of Jesus, "Ye also shall bear witness."

It is said that upon the table-lands of Asia Minor, the women may be seen at dawn of day going out-of-doors and looking up at their neighbours' chimneys. They would see the one out of which the smoke is coming. Thither they go to borrow live coals with which to kindle a fire in their own homes. Do men watch thus our lives? If

in our hearts the Holy Ghost has kindled the sacred fire, shall they not come to us for warmth and inspiration? How tragic if turning to us they find smokeless chimneys and nothing but dead ashes.

The Holy Spirit is the gift of God. He is "the promise of the Father." We do not so much need to seek, as to put ourselves in an attitude to receive Him. Jesus said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." The bestowment of such a gift, however, is upon the requirement that the necessary conditions must be met. Faith must accept without question what God offers, and go in the strength of what is given. We then may expect yet larger gifts. The Father is generous in His promise and lavish in His bestowments, but never wasteful. Neither does He cast pearls before swine. To seek the gift of the Holy Spirit from a low or selfish motive may grieve Him and deprive ourselves of the sympathetic coöperation of the greatest personal force in the universe.

In this study of spiritual dynamics we reach the following conclusions in relation to the Paraclete. The Holy Spirit was a distinct prophecy in the Old Testament and a definite promise in the New. As God sent the Son into the world to reveal the Father, so

has He sent the Holy Spirit to testify to the Son. The Holy Spirit is a person, and that personality is a cardinal fact, which in dealing with Him should never be lost sight of. The transformation of the life and character of men is a standing illustration of His personality and power. The Holy Spirit is a sensitive person and can be grieved, resisted, repelled and even thwarted in His work by unbelieving and disloyal hearts.

He is in the world to convince of sin. If He brooded over chaotic nature, He can and does brood over a dull, unenlightened mind to which God has not yet been revealed. He reaches men in His own way—"The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." His work cannot be confined to geographical areas or conventional methods. The Holy Spirit prepares the hearts of men, brings them together, times events, develops leadership, shapes the course of nations, makes ready the soil for the Word of God.

There is a marked continuity and progress in the program of the Holy Spirit, not only in His administration and work in the Apostolic Church, but in the more modern mis-

sionary movements which clearly demonstrate His personal presence and agency. If the Holy Spirit expresses the thought of God in the inspiration of the Word, so will He express the will of God in the application of that Word. God seeks men full of faith and of the Holy Spirit to do His work. If they have not received the Spirit, He is ready to bestow the enduement if they will but place themselves in an attitude to receive.

The progress of missions and of the Kingdom may be retarded by the failure to recognize the office and power of the Spirit. The Holy Spirit has special charge of the Church and its missionary work. Does the Church realize and live up to it? It is a serious matter when the question is raised, "Has there not been more earnest expectation among the nations who sit in darkness, than of consuming zeal among those who have seen the great light?"

The unity of the Spirit among believers was that for which Jesus prayed in His intercessory prayer: "Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on Me through their word; that they may all be one; even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be in us; that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me."

Such unity should be the fruitage and crowning expression of a dispensation of grace. The Church should be in a state of prayerful expectancy for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit. This is His dispensation. There was never more complete preparation for His manifestation and power, never more widespread need, never a more opportune moment for His unifying work.

May not the Holy Spirit be compared to some mighty master hand wielding the loom of the world? Golden threads, under His skilled and sympathetic touch, are being woven into the fabric of the nations. Men may forget their common Fatherhood, and do violence to their heaven-born sense of brotherhood, but sooner or later the solidarity of the race, the cohesion of society, the maintenance of a Christian civilization, and the establishment of the Kingdom of God, will be consummated. The divine shuttle in the hand of the Master Spirit will link this thread with that, until the world of men has been woven into the mysterious union of the world of spirits made perfect.

LECTURE III

PRAYER: MAN SEEKING GOD

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PRAYER is man seeking God. Man has always been seeking God. It may have been a mute and unconscious groping in darkness, but it was a feeling after light. The wise men saw His star in the East and sought to worship Him. The shepherds watched and prayed upon the plains of Bethlehem and found the Lord of Glory. The Roman empire was at peace and in a hush of expectancy; the Jewish nation had about it an atmosphere of Messianic hope—one laden with promise, and the Christ came.

Prayer is ascending desire and brings descending grace. "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." The desire moves Godward, the response returns manward. The pondering of God's thoughts brings the one, and reliance upon the strength of His friendship insures the other. "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

Jacob's dream became to him a vision of an earthly and heavenly exchange of messengers.

Prayer makes God real. Ours is an age in which men seek the reality of things. It is not an age of shams. Men despise shams more and more. They want to know the truth. There is an intensity about the search which is inspiring. They seek the soul of things. It may not always be a reverent search, but sincere desire will make them more reverent. There is more prayer of this sort than the world knows of. Add one factor only—God—and there will be no more groping; it will be a swift journey from darkness into light.

Man in all ages would realize God. To fail is to lose himself utterly and all of faith and hope. God on the other hand would be made real to man that he might reach Him at the point of deepest need. It is through man the God-given message must go. "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" has been the word of Jehovah before and since Isaiah's day. "Here am I, send me," should be the response of every true soul who has a spark of desire to reach the unreached man —the man who prays, and yet save for heart hunger scarce knows why.

Krapf, the great African missionary and explorer, gives the prayer of a pygmy to the supreme "Yer" in these pathetic words:

"Yea, if thou dost really exist, why dost thou let us be slain? We ask thee not for food, for we live only on snakes, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us; why dost thou let us be trodden down?"[1]

How can a man have faith to whom God is unintelligible? How can a man be strong who is convinced that God is weak? To believe that He has forgotten us is to fatally weaken our hold upon life. Sabatier is right when he says, "Religion is a prayer for life." This is true of primitive religion even, and of primitive life. The Christian religion is a soulful desire for immortality. It is a prayer that is ever reaching up after God as the source of eternal life—life that is freer because God is truth, richer because God is love, higher because God is holiness, and the perfecter of every lofty aspiration and of every noble ideal. "For this cause we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk

[1] J. Ludwig Krapf, "Travels and Missionary Journeys in East Central Africa."

worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God." Prayer that breathes aspiration and intercession like this, and a religion that can create such an atmosphere of prayer must bring God down to man, and lift man up to God. Dean Goulburn writes, "He who embraces in his prayer the widest circle of his fellow creatures is most in sympathy with the mind of God."

Jesus set us an example in the exercise of prayer which becomes both an obligation and an inspiration. It is not so much the example, however, as it is the tremendous fact that He prayed. He spent much of His working life in prayer, which carries with it the force of an irresistible argument in favour of prayer. It was not a mere matter of personal choice, but one of primal necessity; not a question of temperament, but obedience to the vital and fundamental law of His spiritual life. He could not live and work without it. To undertake to build the Kingdom of God without prayer was to undertake a superhuman enterprise without consultation with the Architect of the ages who had formed His purpose and laid His plans before the foundation of the world.

Prayer makes life radiant. It feeds with

beaten oil the lamp of the soul. It kindles the inner light which chases away all shadows and dissipates all fear. Doubt does not condemn a man—hypocrisy does. It is but a step from honest doubt to vital faith. A vital faith leads to fellowship with God, and such fellowship brings down the divine Spirit into human life, making it glow with the sense of reality and the radiance of a holy joy. "They looked unto Him and were radiant." How else can we explain the glow upon the face of Moses as he came down from the mount of God. It was the interpenetrating light of that supernatural presence which after the lapse of twenty centuries glorified our Lord upon the mount of transfiguration and which set on fire the pencil of Rafael in his immortal cartoon.

Prayer is the secret of an expanding life. True prayer is never self-centred. It moves out seeking the objective, with desire to bless. It has an enlarging motive and a growing purpose. Selfish prayer is always untrue to the highest interests of one's own life. "Neglect of prayer is slow but certain suicide." A prayerless soul has a contracting life which ends in paralysis of faith and endeavour. "The spiritual giants of every age have been men of prayer."

It was said of Queen Mary that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than she did the armies of her enemies. And yet Knox had breadth of soul and an ever expanding vision. The day before his death he called his wife and said, "Go, read me that Scripture where I first cast my anchor!" She read him the seventeenth chapter of John. He gave his last hours to intercession "for the world lying in sin, for the great reformation, for the Church, and for the future triumph of the Gospel."

Prayer is the key to power. It is the secret of efficiency in the Kingdom of God. The highest efficiency in spiritual life depends upon and grows out of the constancy of our "communion with the eternal world." There can be no sustained ministry of sympathy and help without it. No one understood this better than Jesus, and endowed with a divine nature as He was, none of His apostles drew such drafts in prayer as He did upon the resources of the spiritual kingdom.

The constant drain upon Jesus, physical and spiritual, was something we are unable to measure. It is certain He paid the price for His incessant labours of mercy, work of healing, daily ministry to the multitudes, and constant instruction of His disciples. Added to

this was the sting and burn of shameless hypocrisy, or open hatred, upon the part of scribes and Pharisees. Every cry of a blind man, or appeal of a leper, drew upon His sympathy, and every miracle of healing made a fresh and insistent draft upon His nerve force. Sympathy, when expressed without stint, is a most exhausting thing. It was especially so with Him whose eye could pierce below the surface of conventional life, and sound the depths of sin and guilt which were the cause of the suffering He sought to relieve.

A man sick of the palsy is brought on a litter. With one pitying gaze into the helpless man's life, His words are, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." When the scribes accused Him of blasphemy, He adds, "But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, Arise, take up thy bed and go into thine house."

A woman has suffered many things of many physicians, and spent all that she had. She touches His garment, saying to herself, "If I may but touch His clothes I shall be whole." The fountain of her trouble was dried up, and she was healed. And Jesus knowing in Himself that virtue had gone out

of Him, turned Him about in the press, and said, "Who touched My clothes?"

Shall we call it supersensitiveness? It was rather the superman lavishly expending Himself. Yearning with compassion He is ready to empty Himself and to say, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He it is of whom the prophet said, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

A marvel it was that Jesus stood the strain of all this for three years. Prayer sustained Him. It was through prayer that He strengthened His consciousness of God and deepened His sense of human need. Prayer was the most real thing in His life. It helped Him to a realization of Himself and His mission—the God-man—divine in sacrifice, human in service. Conscious He was doing the will of God, prayer was His source of strength, and means of communion with the Father whose will He constantly sought to fulfill. At Bethany, and in the gardens of Olivet, on the slopes of Hermon, and in the valley of Siloam, He had His trysting places. He went for prayer as the shades of night were falling, or arose a great while before day, for strength in a forward gaze. It was in these hours He sought and found refuge or

refreshment of soul. "Prayer is nothing else," says Brother Lawrence, "but a sense of God's presence."

The powers of a stout young Galilean peasant, however much inured to hardship, were scarcely equal to the physical exhaustion; much less when the sin of a lost world pressed constantly upon Him. Added to this was the consciousness that He steadily approached the hour when He must tread the wine-press alone. But in the seasons of intercessory prayer with an ever-deepening sense of God's presence He could say in perfect confidence, "Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee; but I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou hast sent Me."

The resources of the spiritual kingdom yield only to importunate prayer. There must be patient waiting and vigorous wrestling. Both are essential to that princely character which is life's greatest asset. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,"—change their strength from the earthly to the spiritual, from potential to actual, from the human to the divine. As in the realm of nature so in the kingdom of grace, mysterious and secret forces that are locked and hidden yield themselves only to

insistent desire and importunate demand. Real prayer brings a realization of the presence of God and an unveiling of the soul in that presence which clarifies vision, purifies motive and energizes life. It was the patriarch's strenuous wrestling at Peniel until the break of day that brought the realization of his own need and of the divine Presence; that changed the countenance of Esau, saved his company, created an epoch in his own life, and secured for himself that remarkable statement—"Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

This sense of the nearness of God is beautifully illustrated in a story of Horace Bushnell. "He was found to be suffering from an incurable disease. One evening the Rev. Joseph Twichell visited him, and, as they sat together under the starry sky, Bushnell said: 'One of us ought to pray.' Twichell asked Bushnell to do so, and Bushnell began his prayer; burying his face in the earth, he poured out his heart until, said Twichell, in recalling the incident, 'I was afraid to stretch out my hand in the darkness lest I should touch God.'"[1]

[1] E. M. Bounds, "Purpose in Prayer," p. 40.

God's power is both available and inexhaustible. His greatest stores of spiritual power are yet in reserve. Conditions were never so ripe as now for the outpouring of the divine Spirit. It is His will that we receive that power. Why not have it? Why not have Him—the spirit of power? Obedience is the king-bolt to the laws of His Kingdom, and faith the master-key to the storehouse. Failure attends our prayers because they lack faith and are unintelligent. Few men understand real prayer because they have neglected to study the conditions of God's power. If we would receive it must be on God's terms, not ours. "The prayer of faith is the only power in the universe to which the great Jehovah yields. Prayer is the sovereign remedy."

A copper wire is suspended in mid air. Its origin is somewhere out of sight in yon mountain range to the east, and it disappears over the plains towards the setting sun. We may catch its gleam, conjecture its source, discuss its objective, even estimate the voltage and power of the current it can carry, but all to no purpose, if there be no contact of wire with the source of electric supply. Is it not so with our relation to the purpose and power of God? How unintelligent our effort

to appropriate God's power as a working force, and yet His power is available, without limit, and at our disposal for the work of His Kingdom.

The electrician has a lesson for us. He builds a laboratory, equips it with tools, learns how to use them, studies the nature of electricity as a force, studies it by day, dreams about it by night, denies himself food, persists for months and years, impoverishes himself, subjects himself to the ridicule of his friends and the world calls him a fool, but, at last, he emerges in triumph with a great secret wrested from the heart of nature.

How is it with the average Christian and prayer? He has no oratory. If he has, he rarely enters. He fails to close the door. He takes things for granted, or works by fits and starts. He denies himself nothing. He expects nothing. He has no enthusiasms. He doubts from the beginning. He makes a toy machine and plays with it, and wonders that he gets no results.

There is no investment in the Kingdom like the prayer of faith. True prayer does not rest with the present. It draws upon the stored riches of the past; projects itself into the future, and may run in advance of us through all time. "Prayers are death-

less—prayers outlive the lives of those who uttered them; outlive a generation; outlive an age; outlive a world." The prayers of the saints of all ages continue as incense before the throne. The reserves of power and working force we have to-day may be the fruit of persistent, prevailing prayer upon the part of faithful souls of yesterday—of generations past. Failure upon our part in intercession may result in disaster to generations yet unborn. How great the privilege, how tremendous the responsibility!

To us is committed the work of evangelizing the world. In such an enterprise, the home base is much more a base line for intercessory prayer than it is for monetary supply. As important as it may seem for money power behind the missionary enterprise, the necessity for prayer power is infinitely greater. Prayer secures the labourers, money cannot. They would be worthless if it could. Shekels and hirelings cannot establish the Kingdom of God. It requires men who cannot be bought. Prayer that wins battles at home will secure victory on the firing line abroad. Defeat in prayer at headquarters will mean disaster in the trenches. To the lonely sentry on picket duty in home missions or in the regions beyond, neglect of

prayer in the Church may result in discouragement and despair. We have no right to send missionaries to the firing line unless we mean to back them up by intercession. It is perilous for them if we fail to pray; for us it may mean condemnation and greater peril.

Faith in the possibility of the redemption of the race is born of God. That kind of assurance always is. It is man who staggers at the recoverability of his fellow man. Sin has so wrought in our spiritual frame that the organ of faith is weakened. How noble a figure the patriarch, that peerless intercessor, who, "when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." Faith was the basis for the splendid optimism with which "he looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose maker and builder is God."

During Doctor Mott's last visit to the Far East, in addition to representing the Continuation Committee, he held evangelistic meetings for students. Upon the very day of which he speaks, student groups in forty nations were remembering each other, and especially the meetings in China and the Near East. His account given at Lake

Mohonk is a wonderful illustration of the power and scope of intercessory prayer:

"I was at Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung Province, on Sunday, the Universal Day of Prayer for Students. It was in much weakness. I was there under great pressure and had not had time to make even ordinary preparation. I was in the midst of difficulties the like of which few can understand, except those who have been in that part of the world. For reasons which need not be explained, I did not have as many helpers present as under ordinary conditions. One can never forget that Sunday afternoon. Every word that was being said was being interpreted. There came a hush upon the heterogeneous mass of Chinese students who packed that place. There was an evident moving of the Spirit of God, and between five and six hundred of those proud Chinese students bowed for the first time before the Jehovah of the Bible. Hundreds of them before the meeting closed at dusk—we had to bring in candles, for although the meeting began in the middle of the afternoon it continued nearly four hours—publicly confessed their purpose to become followers of Jesus Christ as Lord. Now I know that there was nothing evident, that there was nothing in

the city of Tsinanfu that could account for what took place in that room; but when I remembered that all over this earth were groups, and in some places large companies, of students making earnest intercession for this and other meetings that were in progress at that time, I found the explanation. I have heard since that similar experiences were being had by workers in the Near East on that very day. We should utilize more than we have been doing this irresistible force of prayer that has been placed at our disposal."

The power, the reach, and the efficacy of intercessory prayer have never been fully tested, because never fully realized. Its power lies in the power of God behind it, and that has not been measured. Its reach is bounded only by the smaller circle of man's faith and the larger circle of God's grace—and man is always at liberty to project his faith, farther and yet farther, into the boundless sea of God's mercy. Its efficacy is based upon words that are more secure than the foundations of the earth. "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be made full."

No one understood the efficacy of such

prayer better than the "ambassador in chains" as he styles himself when, from Rome, he urges the Ephesian Church to pray for all the saints and for him. "On my behalf," he writes. Did he not need prayer more than they all? He was almost alone in a great heathen city, on a distant continent, had the care of all the churches, and had deliberately denied himself of Tychicus, the beloved brother and faithful minister, that he might comfort the saints at Ephesus. "And on my behalf, that utterance may be given unto me, in opening my mouth, to make known with boldness the mystery of the Gospel."

We enter with Christ in the School of Prayer, and hearing Him make intercession, realize there is a vast difference between His prayers and ours. In what does it consist? Principal Cairnes says, "It is the difference in spiritual quality between the Master and His disciple, and is not due to any change in God." Three elements more than any others gave power to the prayers of Jesus—the sense of God's presence, faith in God's power, and the consciousness that He was doing His Father's will. The quality of obedience without reservation—of joyful acceptance of the higher will, was always true of His prayers.

It is in the strength of such an attitude of obedient faith Jesus could say of the Spirit of Truth to His disciples, "He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are Mine." There is a quiet assurance in such words which places power, authority and dominion under His feet. If we who are called by Him to this ministry of intercession shall realize God, have faith in God, and do the Father's will, we shall receive grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ, and shall with Him lead captivity captive, give gifts unto men, and claim a world redeemed through the mighty working of God's Spirit.

The calm assurance of Jesus as He stands before the tomb of Lazarus comes to us from the regions of the sublimest faith. There is nothing beyond but God. Where in history of man, or story of angels, shall we find such power in prayer? Mary said, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." In deep sympathy as she was with His character and mission, there was a note of regret —He had come too late. Martha said, "Lord, by this time he decayeth: for he hath been dead four days." Here was the deeper note of despair—He had come face

to face with the impossible. They were confronted by both death and corruption. Jesus replied in tone of mild reproach, "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldst believe, thou should see the glory of God?"

Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And now before the crowning act, the test of prayer and faith—the miracle itself—He pauses in that majestic progress towards death and the grave, lifts up His eyes and gives thanks. Why give thanks? To mortal eyes nothing had yet taken place. "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me," are His words. Was it not imperilling His cause to utter such words? Nay, verily, it was but strengthening His cause. Listen to the basis of that magnificent confidence. "I knew that Thou hearest Me always." Here was an assurance more solid than the granite foundations of Sinai—a note that rolls through the ages, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations . . . from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." "I knew." A world of significance in those words. Two worlds are wrapped up in them. On earth, a mere lad of twelve, He had come to know His Father's business. From heaven, at the beginning of His ministry, there had come a

divine credential, a voice saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Not for the sake of His friend Lazarus, nor for the sisters of His friend, deep as His loving sympathy was, had He said, "I knew that Thou hearest Me always: but because of the multitude that standeth around, I said it, that they may believe that Thou didst send Me. And when He had thus spoken, He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. He that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. And Jesus said unto them, Loose him and let him go." His faith had burst the bonds of death, His motive was to make men believe that the Father had sent Him, and the spiritual quality of His prayer grew out of fellowship with the Father.

Prayer is not a lost art. Instances of prevailing prayer upon the mission field are not infrequent. It is an atmosphere in which prayer grows and faith works. This occurrence, however, at Songdo, Korea, a few years ago, was something out of the ordinary. It was a matter of great importance that Mr. Yun Tchi Ho should take charge of our educational work at once. To do so, it was imperative he should be released by his

father, General Yun, from certain family obligations before he could be regularly appointed. Bishop W. A. Candler was in charge of our Korean Mission, and under the necessity of leaving Songdo by the earliest train. The worst weather of the season was on. It was pouring rain. The roads were almost impassable, and no one expected General Yun, who was in the mountains, to come down.

There was one missionary in the group who had set his heart upon the coming of the General. It seemed to him necessary for the establishment of the Kingdom, since it involved the setting apart of a competent man for a special and much needed work. He laid the matter before God. Others knew of the prayer oft repeated during the day and possibly, in a mild way, had some share in it, but little faith. Was not the weather too inclement? Could any one be induced to travel over such roads? And then the General was a Confucianist and an unbeliever, how could he be moved?

Notwithstanding these misgivings upon the part of others, the one who wrestled with God came to the door, searched anxiously the trail that led to the hills, and then returned to his place of prayer. At last the

astonished cry was raised, "The General is coming! The General is coming!" There was a rush to the door. Sure enough, with attendants and retinue wading and splashing through mire and mud, there came the old warrior. Upon arrival, when asked why he came, the stately old Korean, ex-Minister of War, smiled significantly, and said he could give no reason, save that he had been compelled to come. Hardie had prayed General Yun down from the mountains.

It was with Doctor Hardie that the Korean revival began. Not that God was shut up to one man, but it was rather the fact of one man having a deep and humiliating sense of his own unworthiness and need. Days were spent in heart-searching and supplication. Then there came the service at the Korean Church at Wonsan, the sermon to the congregation and the descent of the Holy Spirit with power. Conviction and confession followed, leading up to a revival which extended across the peninsula and in every direction.

"During the month of August, 1906, the missionaries at Pyengyang sought a deeper experience of God's power in their own lives, and for this purpose meetings for Bible study and prayer were held for eight days. During these meetings a special burden for the

Korean Church was laid upon them and in response to their suggestion, hundreds of the Korean Christians covenanted to spend one hour a day in prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. This concert of prayer continued through the autumn and winter, when in the first week of January, 1907, the Holy Spirit was literally poured forth on the people and the fire of His presence spread rapidly throughout the whole city and the surrounding country." [1]

Prayer and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, repentance and confession of sin, regeneration and witnessing, were, as in Wales, characteristics of this great revival. Out of it came the missionary campaign in 1909 which led to an increase of thirty per cent. to the church membership, or the winning of 80,000 converts to Christ in six months. Who shall place metes and bounds upon the movement of God's Spirit when men pray aright? "Every step in the progress of missions," says Dr. A. T. Pierson, "is directly traceable to prayer. It has been the preparation for every triumph and the secret of all success."

Prayer should always be a means of grace ;

[1] "The Korean Revival," by the Rev. George Heber Jones, D. D. and the Rev. W. Arthur Noble.

a spiritual tonic; a strengthener of faith; a creator of ideals; a quickener of spiritual sensibilities; an enrichment of our sympathies; an expansion of the sense of brotherhood; and will certainly result, if effectual, in the discovery of a larger Christ, and in the joy of vital fellowship with Him.

Too often our prayers are poverty stricken and feeble, because so little time is bestowed upon their enrichment. Prevailing prayer requires adequate preparation. We give less time to our prayers to God than to the preparation of our public utterances to men. Hurry and lack of preparation in an approach to an earthly king would be unthinkable. And yet in irreverent haste we make our approach to the throne of grace, and hope to secure the most potential gifts for men. God does not yield Himself to such approaches. Spiritual strength is reinforced only by waiting upon Him who is the source of power.

Prayer and faith act and react upon each other. An ever-deepening prayer life does not simply require a growing faith—it begets it. Largeness of faith, on the other hand, results in an expanded prayer life. The range and sweep of the telescope which brings within the astronomer's reach suns

and systems, hitherto unexplored and charted; awakens and intensifies his desire for an instrument of larger scope and increased power for the discovery of yet other suns, until his whole life becomes a passion for exploring the unseen.

It is a true saying—"To do the work of God, we must have the power of God." The power of the kingdom of grace is released by the prayer of faith. It was Hudson Taylor who exclaimed in his sermon before the Shanghai Missionary Conference in 1889, "All power is with God. God's power is available. All things are possible to him that believeth." Prayer makes power available. Prayer unlocks the resources of the unseen world, the evidence of which is our faith. Prayer and faith are the two great headlands through which the soul sweeps into the ocean of matchless grace and infinite possibilities.

A man's prayers are the highest peaks to which his life rises. It is there in the upper air that not only sunshine but vision and deeper breaths are found. On the contrary, if his prayers are shallow and conventional they rise no higher than the lowest levels to which his religious experience drops. Religiously we live as we pray, life being lifted

up by our prayers, but we too often pray as we live at a poor, listless, nerveless rate.

Work and prayer are interdependent and closely joined together. Real prayer is work —the hardest kind of work. It costs time and pains to pray, and the answer to our prayers may cost us more than we had counted on before we prayed. Work of the right kind, on the other hand, is prayer. No true work is worthy of the name which does not take account of the Kingdom of God, and the prayer force required for its upbuilding.

Our prayers lack power because they lack purpose; they fail of a high objective because of being prompted by a low motive. We are weak in prayer because of irreverence and indefiniteness, irresolution and impatience, lack of importunity, lack of breadth, lack of faith,—from the existence of secret sin. Indolence hinders prayer, and lack of desire. Faith is weak if there be no importunity, and secret sin both destroys power with God and makes defeat certain. There can be no victory in prayer through Christ, if Christ has not won the victory over sin in the heart.

What better tonic and corrective of a nerveless prayer life than to catch the spirit of such an one as David Brainerd—"Here

I am, Lord, send me ; send me to the ends of the earth ; send me to the rough and savage pagans of the wilderness ; send me from all that is called comfort in the earth ; send me even to death itself ; if it be but in Thy service, and to promote Thy Kingdom."

A. J. Gordon points to the remarkable fact that the year 1738 was one in which Wesley, Brainerd and Jonathan Edwards were passing through a spiritual crisis. It was in the closet upon their knees they found, in the hiding place of power, the Dynamic which made their lives a living, burning, quenchless fire. Brainerd and Edwards kindled a light in New England which never went out ; Wesley set the world on fire with his evangelism, and William Carey, according to A. J. Gordon, was indebted to both for his missionary inspiration.

God honours the simple childlike faith of the native Christian who has not yet learned to doubt his heavenly Father's readiness to care for His children in their extremity. Nor has he acquired the habit of relying upon auxiliary forces, which we are so prone to do in a rationalistic age.

Rev. A. F. Hensy, of Bolenge upon the Upper Congo, gives the following experience of Longwango, one of their evangelists.

Making a long journey up the Ngiri River, he had only a boy to help him paddle the canoe. They came into a district where the natives were very hostile. It was the rainy season, the water was high and food scarce because of swampy land and wild beasts. They paused opposite village after village to buy something to eat, only to be driven away with threats and curses. Finally one evening, weak with fasting, the evangelist prayed to his Father, as he sat in the canoe, "Oh, God, send me just a little palm oil lest we die." The boy being a heathen mocked him. But as they paddled on, an earthen pot was seen floating in the river. Awed by so evident an answer to prayer, the boy begged the evangelist not to touch the pot. But Longwango replied, "My Father has sent it." Lifting it out of the water he found it partly full of oil. In his prayer he had asked for the common "Ntobu" oil, but his Father—God—was better than his prayer—the pot contained rich red "Nkolo" oil.

The missionary life of the Apostle to the Gentiles is unconsciously recorded in his prayers. A more genuine and searching test of a man's life could not be found. There emerge, from the hidden depths of his being, affections, holy ambitions and aspirations

which are deepened and heightened by communion with his Lord. His intercessory prayers, fragmentary as they are, constitute the master strokes with which a great life outlines itself. No biographer could have more clearly touched the salient points of the Pauline character.

Through his prayers we are let down into the deeper deep of his being, and with them we scale the higher heights of God's revelation to man. Prayer was truly "the first breath of his new life." It was the Lord Himself who a few hours after the conversion of Saul made the significant comment, "Behold he prayeth." The first breath of his new life, and probably the last, was drawn in prayer, for the Apostle seemed to give himself to one unceasing act of intercession. The churches in the regions beyond owed their very existence to those prayers. He fanned the flame and kept the soul alive.

Paul was a learner, no less than the twelve disciples, in the School of Prayer. The two years in Arabia were not devoted solely to the reorganization of his thinking. The time was largely spent in supplication. How otherwise could he know the mind and spirit of Christ, and enter into fellowship with Him in suffering? Had not the Lord said to

Ananias, "I will show him how many things he must suffer for My name's sake"? Prayer alone could lead him to realize a fellowship that would enable him to say, "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, becoming conformed unto His death." The break with Judaism and the emancipation of Christianity could not have been made and sustained, in so intense a nature, save through long supplication; for the rupture cost him friends, teachers, tribulation, persecution, travail of soul and life itself.

The opening of the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Central Africa, over fifteen hundred miles from the sea, is a remarkable illustration of answer to definite intercessory prayer, and of the personal leadership of the Holy Spirit. He it is who from the days of the Apostolic Church has given shape to plans, timed events, and brought men together. What is it but God steadily working out His purpose for the redemption of mankind?

Upon reaching Luebo after thousands of miles of travel by sea and by river Prof. J. W. Gilbert and I received a generous welcome from the Southern Presbyterians, and were informed that for ten years they had been

praying for the coming of the Methodists. Mighty faith that was! Ten years of intercession, and still confident the Lord would answer their prayers. He did answer; for He is faithful that promised.

It was thought wise for us to attempt the evangelization of the Batetela, a great tribe of warriors far away to the east. A caravan was necessary and sixty carriers needed. We could only get forty. It was the planting season, and then it was not every man who was willing for a few yards of cloth and a few pints of salt to face sleeping sickness and African fever, wild beasts and savage men. Three days of painful suspense. Then the bell was rung and drums beaten. The Presbyterians were being called together. They came trooping in from the town, they swarmed along the forest trails, they filled the great church—men, women and children.

Doctor Morrison's appeal followed. We can never forget it. "Christ gave Himself for you. What have you given to Him? Christ died for you. Who among you has died for Africa? We prayed long, and the great God, Nzambe, answered our prayers. Two brethren have come to open work among the Batetela. Sixty men are needed to carry their tent, their salt, and cloth. We have

forty, we must have twenty more. Will you sit here, enjoy the fruits of Christianity and have these brethren go back and say the Church was not willing in the day of God's power?" Twenty stalwart fellows—Presbyterians—sprang to their feet. "We will go if the Church will take care of our wives and children and plant our fields," said the spokesman. "Will the Church do it?" asked Morrison, turning to the great body of Christians before him. "We will do it," they cried, and we had our men.

Then one man—Mudimbe, the ruling elder and leading evangelist, stood up. This was his story: "I cannot sit still when twenty of my men offer to go on this long missionary journey. I came from that country near the Lualaba River. My father was a chief. He was shot down, one morning, in a wild raid upon our village. My mother was dragged into the bush, and I carried captive to the court of Ngonga, the cannibal chief. For two years I waited upon him. In his drunken bouts he sliced off the ears and lips of his attendants. With several boys I ran away into the forest, where we were captured by the Zapozaps. From them in turn I was taken by the Belgians. The captain turned me over to this mission. God was good to

me. I found myself to be a sinner and Jesus to be my Saviour. Oh, the wonderful grace of it all. He forgave my sins. I cannot stay. I must go with these my brethren to my native land to tell the story of God." I turned to Doctor Morrison. "Can you spare him?" "I could not keep him under these circumstances," was the reply.

We marched through forests and over plains, forded streams and crossed rivers, passed through scores of villages, and were ten days' journey in the Batetela country. Where were we to locate a mission?

At the farewell meeting at Luebo more than one thousand had pledged their daily intercession in our behalf. Among the many petitions offered there was one in the following remarkable words: "O Lord, lead these men to the right place and help them to know it when they get there." Every night, after the day's march and prayer with the caravan, five met in our tent for more prayer and council—Mudimbe, the evangelist, two other native Christians, Gilbert and myself. Time and again I asked the question, "Have we reached the right place? Shall we locate the mission here?" The invariable reply was, "Not yet, not yet. This is not the right place. We cannot locate here." Then I

would turn to Gilbert and ask, "How far are we going, Gilbert? Where shall we stop? Is there no indication? Shall we go on until we reach Lake Tanganyika? Are we going clear across the continent?"

On the morning of the forty-second day we walked into a large village. The main street was over a mile long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. The caravan had fallen behind. Our men were footsore and weary. The chief, Wembo Niama, the biggest man we had met in Africa, approached and demanded, "Who are you?" "Bantu Nzambe" (God's men), was the reply. He seemed pleased, though puzzled, and assigned us an unfinished house in which to spend the night. I examined it and returned. The caravan had come up. To my astonishment the chief approached again, this time holding Mudimbe by the hand. He had discovered the friend of his boyhood in the court of Ngonga, where he himself had served, not as a captive, but as a page. He thought Mudimbe was dead, and now after twenty years he had come to life again. He threw his own establishment wide open to us, fed the entire caravan for four days, when he learned our purpose desired us to remain, and urged us to return with missionaries. "Why," said he, "has

Nzambe raised me up to be a great chief, unless it was to protect your people, who are my people?" After the lapse of twenty years, Wembo Niama, the savage chief of a cannibal tribe, had been brought face to face with Mudimbe, the faithful Christian and leader of three hundred teachers and evangelists. The prayer was answered. The Spirit of God had led us to the right place and given us, in the fulfillment of many conditions, assurance that we had been divinely guided in the location of the mission.

No true prayer is ever lost. The answer may come long after the supplicant's voice is stilled. Was not this splendid proof of God's power and willingness to bless any sincere effort to save Africa due in a large measure to the intercession of David Livingstone who died upon his knees, but is still speaking?

Blaikie says of him, "Amid the universal darkness around him, the universal ignorance of God and of the grace and love of Jesus Christ, it was hard to believe that Africa should ever be won. He had to strengthen his faith amid this universal desolation."

In Livingstone's journal we find this record: "He will keep His word—the gracious One, full of grace and truth; no doubt of it. He said: 'Him that cometh unto Me,

I will in no wise cast out;' and 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, I will give it.' He will keep His word; then I can come and humbly present my petition, and it will be all right. Doubt is here inadmissible, surely."

Jesus said, "Have faith in God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou taken up and cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that what he saith cometh to pass; he shall have it." Livingstone's faith prevailed. Just one year before his death, he wrote a letter to the New York *Herald* and as he finished it, as James Gilmour of Mongolia was wont to do, invoked the blessing of God upon it. The letter contained the memorable words afterwards inscribed on the stone in Westminster Abbey: "All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one,—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world." The prayer was answered—the mountain removed—the open sore healed—the slave-trade in Africa abolished—and the last Continent enshrouded in heathen darkness was riven as by a wedge of light and thrown wide to the Gospel of love, of liberty and of life.

"The connection between prayer and missions has been traced over the whole field of missionary conditions, simply to show that every element in the missionary problem of to-day depends for its solution chiefly upon prayer. The assertion has been frequently made in past years that with 20,000 men, properly qualified and distributed, the world could be evangelized in thirty years. And actually there is need of an immediate, undaunted effort to secure 20,000 men. Neither, perhaps, can the world be evangelized without them, nor can they be secured without effort. But it is hopeless to endeavour to obtain them, and they will be worthless if obtained, unless the whole effort be inspired and permeated with prayer. 'Thrust forth Thy labourers into the harvest.' . . . The evangelization of the world in this generation depends, first of all, upon a revival of prayer. Deeper than the need for men; aye, deep down at the bottom of our spiritless life is the need for the forgotten secret of prevailing, world-wide prayer." [1]

Prayer to be a constructive force is not simply being passively willing that the will of God be done, but the definite and determined purpose to do the will of God. It is

[1] Robert E. Speer, Missionary Address.

seeking to know the will of God, in order that His will shall interpenetrate the will of man and energize his spirit. Prayer should be bold in purposeful desire, in importunity of desire, and may become an expression even of the very agony of desire. It surely is an illustration of the last when the Apostle speaks of the groanings of the Holy Spirit who maketh intercession for us.

The Lord's prayer has expectancy, largeness of vision and courageous grasp of the movement of God's Spirit. It prays "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done." It includes the majesty of moral law, the privilege of citizenship in the Kingdom, the brotherhood of kingly children, for He is *our* Father, and the potentiality of spiritual forces which in mighty currents and tides are to enrich the life of the individual and sweep the shores of every tribe and of every nation. In His intercessory prayer Jesus moves along the expanding line of a glorified Fatherhood and of a fellowship of men who believe in the Truth, are energized and bound together by a Christly love, and are attuned to one divine symphony in which the human will is brought into harmony with the divine.

The promise of God is inseparable from the providence of God. Simple-minded be-

lievers who pray with childlike faith may not have reasoned it out, but they find it so, and are not astonished. Providence follows promise with swift feet, if it does not actually accompany it, and faith is the key to both. Man's extremity and man's prayers bring God's best gift—the ministering presence of His Son. Is there any certainty about it? It certainly is based upon God's promise and man's faith. United prayer and conjoined faith bring the very heavens down to man. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father who is in heaven."

Three inveterate opium smokers, old men, entered a Refuge in North China, carried on by two native helpers. One of the three patients grows desperate on the third night and in the agony of the struggle with a lifetime habit, cries out for relief. The two Christians help him out of bed, kneel beside him and win the fight. Here is the story:

"Only a poor cave-room in that little village, far away in the heart of China, and three old men kneeling alone at midnight. Was He there, that wonderful Saviour? Would He respond with ready succour as of old?

"Tremblingly the cry went up in the darkness: 'O Jesus, help me. Save me. Save me now.'

"A few minutes later the sufferer was lying quietly wrapped in his wadded coverlet again. His groans ceased. His distress passed away. And in a little while he was fast asleep.

"'Jesus is truly here,' whispered the others. And they too slept till morning." [1]

Had they heard the Master's words? Surely they had heard them and believed, for had He Himself not said it—"Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." As long as such a promise is given to men, and such childlike confidence is offered to God, the world's evangelization is assured.

[1] Mrs. Howard Taylor, "Pastor Hsi," p. 73.

LECTURE IV

MISSIONS AND THE HEROIC

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THE world cannot be won without a religion that is heroic. "The glory and the heroism of Christianity lie in its missionary life." They are found there because all true missionary life must be heroic in purpose, in faith, in courage, in magnanimity, in patience, in sacrifice and in the joy of it all. "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee, and goest Thou thither again?" Yes, going thither was a part of His mission. How otherwise would they know He was the Way to the Father? Going back there to seek and to save that which was lost. How otherwise could the world be won?

We may not have learned the deeper lesson of Christian endeavour involved in the philosophy of redemption, but the Apostle to the Gentiles had. "Having stoned Paul, they drew him out of the city supposing that he was dead." And Paul "returned again to Lystra!" Back to the stones? "Are we familiar," asks Jowett, "with the road that leads

back to the stones?" It was a perilous road back to the city of Lystra, but it led to Rome. It was the way of the cross, but it brought the crown of life. "As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth through Christ . . . if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." Heroic living like this is not for human ideas, but for divine ideas. Adherence to human ideas wins popular sympathy; adherence to divine ideas begets opposition, hate, persecution, and the sword. The motive is not a human affection, but a divine love, constraining, impelling, inspiring.

Ours is a Gospel which makes heroic demands upon us to carry it to others. Failing to be sent, it withers in our grasp and in withering blasts our character, our lives and our hopes. It is at once the most precious and the most dangerous possession men can have. To give is to get more, and to withhold is to lose what we have, and in losing endangers the loss of ourselves with it.

The Gospel is the greater because it is not our own, but belongs to others. It is the larger and the more precious for the wider ownership. Ours is not simply a joint ownership with other men, but a copartnership with God, in the sense in which we are co-

workers with God. An inheritance is always the greater by belonging to the race rather than to the individual. Heathenism insists upon individual ownership; Christianity encourages corporate ownership, which in modern life is receiving more and more emphasis. The peril of the abuse of such ownership, however, is the more imminent because the greatest perils always go with the highest privileges. The most subtle temptations are those which insinuate themselves into the higher order of life and its ideals.

In the giving of the Gospel, we always get a larger Gospel and a larger Christ. It is here the glory and the power of Christianity are found. Not in withholding, but in bestowing. In the act and spirit of such giving, we touch the divine nature, and realize for the first time the glory of heroic self-denial, and the deeper lessons of suffering which bring us into fellowship with our Lord.

Only the depths of human and divine love can measure the power and influence of heroic sympathy. "But when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd." It is the faculty of seeing and feeling from another's point of view. It is the power to

put one's self in the place of the other man. More than that, it is the identification with another's needs, desires, hopes, fears, suffering, and with life itself. Such identification is impossible until self and its own interests are lost sight of.

It was Edmund Burke who said, "Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart." It is divine in its nobility and in its readiness to communicate one's own soul to another. The world has always yearned for sympathy like this, and has always opened its heart to it.

One of the high points of his great life was when Moses, while condemning Israel for their flagrant sin of idolatry, in a spirit of marvellous self-abnegation, proposed to substitute himself and make atonement for their sin. He returned unto the Lord, and said, "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin . . . if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written."

Sympathy is the most direct road to the human heart. It touches hidden springs, and awakens the sense of brotherhood obscured and buried by sin. The inmate of a prison once sent for H. C. Trumbull and

asked, "Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us when you asserted that the only difference between yourself and us was the grace of God?" Being answered in the affirmative, the prisoner said, "I am here for life; but I can stay here more contentedly, now that I know I have a brother in the world." The touch of sympathy saved him. He lived to be pardoned, and died thanking God for brotherhood.

Heroic purpose is invincible in almost any field. The world may give battle, but in the end it surrenders, because courage born of purpose knows no defeat. It is persistent—deathless. "To this military attitude of the soul," says Emerson, "we give the name of heroism."

Plutarch says, "Marcius inquired of Cominius in what manner the enemy's army was drawn up and where their best troops were posted. Being answered that the Antinates, who were placed in the centre, were supposed to be the bravest and most warlike, 'I beg it of you then,' said Marcius, 'as a favour, that you will place me directly opposite to them.'"

The annals of Christian missions, at home and abroad, have not been lacking in illustration of the desire to serve where the odds

were greatest and the fight thickest. "Whatever vocation may determine your sphere of Leadership, be brave enough to choose, and be chosen by, something that will require you to strain your best powers. Let the unsolved problems of your day enter into your hearts and minds until they are as personal to you as the affairs of your own family. Do not seek for ease, which is the portion of babes, not of men. Seek for tasks, hard tasks, for the doing of which strength is needed, and in the doing of which strength will come." [1]

Self-sacrifice is one of the infallible tests of heroic manhood and womanhood. It is not confined to missions, but is found in every walk of life, and often where least expected. The world may not always be capable of self-sacrifice, but it looks for it, expects it, and is disappointed in its man when it fails to find it. It is in the denial of self pushed to the point of the laying down of life, that men find the faith that displaces doubt, the strength that replaces weakness, and the courage which drives away fear, looks death in the face unafraid, and does its duty.

President Woodrow Wilson says of the test of manhood:

"Life lasts only a little while, but if it goes

[1] Bishop Brent, "Leadership," pp. 245–246.

out lighted with the torch of glory, it is better than if it had lasted upon a dull level a thousand years. . . . That is the test of manhood, it is the test of humanity, and it is the glory and sign of Christianity, that a man will lay down his life for another, no matter what the consequence may be to himself."

These words were illustrated in a most striking way not long after they were uttered. It was in the heroic self-sacrifice of William Carr, engineer on the Philadelphia-New York express. The boiler flues blew out, covering him with scalding steam. Blinded, and in mortal agony, "Carr closed the throttle and put the air-brake control full over, so that the wheels slid grinding on the rails. Then he fell dying on the floor of the cab." Albert, King of the Belgians, who with Queen Elizabeth has shared the sorrows and privations of his people, was complimented by a correspondent as being the hero of the European War. His reply was worthy of a great soul—"I am no hero; the heroes are in the trenches."

Heroism is anything but great acting. It is greatness in action. There is nothing of the spectacular about it. Let consciousness come and heroism dies. It is high deeds born of high feeling, and high ideals and of

unquestioning faith in God. There is no weighing of probabilities and nice balancing of expediency with obligation, but a fine contempt for safety and ease which leads to the abandonment of everything for the one great purpose of life. It is a quality of which the true hero is unconscious ; a quality that makes him " negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach."

Where is there a more illustrious example of heroism than in the life of him of whom it is recorded that he deliberately refused to be called the son of a princess, " choosing rather to share ill treatment with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season ; accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." Nor did he fear the wrath of the king : " for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

The great lawgiver of Israel stood before the burning bush. In that moment the shepherd became the seer. A vision of deliverance from bondage for the people of God came to him and their restoration to the land of promise. It was to be by the way of the wilderness, through toil and suffering, and he was to bear the brunt of it all. But his was a heroic soul. Wealth, and honour and high office had not dimmed its lustre, nor impover-

ished the strength of his purpose. Slavery, however, was eating out the heart of his people, and undermining their character. They had lost faith in God, had become grossly materialistic, and were already a nation with craven spirit, bending their backs and driven like dumb beasts before the lash of their Egyptian taskmasters. Self-denial, courage and the inspiration of a great idea could alone save them. Moses knew it and gave himself to his God-given task. It was to build character and brave men out of cowards and weld a nation out of a mass of slaves. When did one man ever have a greater mission? "If thou art an anvil," says an African proverb, "be patient. If thou art a hammer strike hard!"

"Ideality, magnanimity, and bravery then; these are what make the heroes. These are what glorify certain lives that stand through history as the lights and beacons of mankind. The materialist, the sceptic, the coward, he cannot be a hero. We talk sometimes about the unheroic character of modern life. We say that there can be no heroes nowadays. We point to our luxurious living for the reason. But oh, my friends, it is not in your silks and satins, not in your costly houses and your sumptuous tables, that your unheroic

lives consist. It is in the absence of great inspiring ideas, of generous enthusiasms, and of the courage of self-forgetfulness. It may be that you must throw away your comfortable living to get these things ; but your lack of heroism is not in your comfortable living, but in the absence of these things. Do not blame a mere accident for that which lies so much deeper." [1]

It is out of the invisible that inspiration must come to kindle the heroic soul. There are no limitations in that realm. The motives that are material and the impulses that are human are not sufficient to more than galvanize into action. Relapse inevitably follows. Inspiration that is permanent and faith that is heroic grow not so much out of the ability to subjugate and to rule as out of the capacity for surrender—the deliberate surrender of self to the voice out of the blue —to the power that worketh in us. Men who are full of achievement are not so much in possession of a great purpose as that they are mastered by it.

The world is not poverty stricken for lack of heroic men and women. It is indeed the poorer for the death of men like Captain

[1] Phillips Brooks, Sermons, "The Heroism of Foreign Missions," pp. 173, 174.

Robert Falconer Scott who, with his immortal four, faced incredible odds, reached the pole and perished on the return within eleven miles of the camp. But it is richer for the magnificent heroism of Captain Oates, that brave soul who, frost-bitten beyond recovery and knowing the chances of the rest would be better without him, said quietly, "I am just going outside and may be some time," stepped into the blizzard and never returned. It was to give the other men a chance.

"Fuel for one hot meal and food for two days," is Scott's last entry in the journal. "We are weak. Writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past. . . . Things have come out against us and therefore we have no cause of complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."

Should the torch of heroism in the state of Tennessee go out, there is a flame on yon capitol hill which will ever rekindle it. It is the spirit of young Davis who accepted death rather than life with dishonour and stepped without a tremor upon the threshold of the

beyond with the words: "I had rather die a thousand times than betray my trust."

The ring of that sentiment has in it the spirit of men who live to dare and who dare to die—men to whom a trust is more sacred than life, than a thousand lives. If such men are in the loins of the future, both Church and State are safe. Without them our posterity shall miserably perish from the earth and our Christian civilization with them.

"I like the man who faces what he must,
With a step triumphant, and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear,
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust—
That God is God; that somehow true, and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love a crust
Than living in dishonour; envies not
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot,
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

More than a century ago a lone figure of a young man could be seen kneeling in the forest of New England. He wrestles for his Indians until the sweat from his brow falls upon the spotless snow. We go back to his journal for a glimpse of his life: "My diet

consists mostly of hasty-pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes, and sometimes a little meat and butter. My lodging is a little heap of straw, laid upon some boards a little way from the ground, for it is a log room without any floor that I lodge in. I have now rode more than 3,000 miles (on horseback) since the beginning of March (eight months). . . . Frequently got lost in the woods. . . . At night lodged in the open woods. . . . Crept into a little crib made for corn and slept there on the poles."

Does David Brainerd waver in his purpose? Does he regret his choice? He is incessantly at work, preaching to the Indians, catechizing them, "moving among them like an angel of light, pleading with them in the name of Christ, and pleading their cause against greedy and unprincipled whites, who sought to corrupt and rob them, and ceasing not his arduous and self-sacrificing labours for their temporal and spiritual welfare until his strength was finally exhausted and his life worn out. Then, by slow and painful journeys, he made his way back to his native New England to die."

Upon his death-bed he continued to plead for his beloved Indians, and stayed not his

intercession until his brother John consented to take up his task. As we see the brother by the bedside catching the mantle of power, and Edwards, the great preacher, with evangelistic fires beginning to glow and burn within his breast, we realize that One other Person is with them and we recall the words of Browning:

"'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of a new life to thee! See the Christ stand."

There can be no true leadership among primitive people without the heroic. One element of it is courage, without which the white man will be held in contempt. But deeper than personal prowess is the element of disinterestedness, of inflexible purpose, and of absolute truthfulness embedded in the character. It is character that tells, whether in pioneering an unexplored region, in establishing a mission, or a colony, or in carrying

forward a great administrative policy in Church or State.

The native is not deficient in physical courage. An African hunter returned at nightfall to find a leopard had visited his hut and dragged his wife into the forest. Following the trail of blood, he came upon the remains of the partially devoured body. He vowed vengeance, swift and sure, upon the savage beast. Returning, he cooked and ate his meal that he might be strong, sharpened his knife and spear, tightened his belt and reentered the forest. The branch of a palm tree and a bunch of elephant grass served for a covering as he pulled the body of his wife to his breast. Here, seated with his back against a tree, he calmly waited through the long hours for the return of the leopard. Sniffing the earth, he stealthily approached and sprang upon his victim. Together they rolled upon the ground in a life and death struggle. At last, the hunter's knife went home, and he was avenged, but not before his own side and shoulder were terribly lacerated by the claws of the wild beast.

Who can conceal admiration for prowess like that? The Belgian officer who told me the story did not attempt to conceal it. He thought the African would make a great sol-

dier. I thought he would make a great Christian. Such courage is often accompanied in a native by loyalty to his tribe, or less frequently by affection for his family, as in this case. These are virtues, however, which easily turn to vices. Exaggerated they may run riot in deadly feuds and deeds of personal revenge. Given an adequate motive, high purpose and faith in God on the other hand, and enduring character can be built out of such material. It is being done on every mission station, and in every field in the name and by the power of the Christ.

The heroic aim and controlling purpose of Jesus Christ was to save men. It was this aim in union with the will and plan of God that brought Him from heaven and led to the emptying of Himself. It was this controlling purpose that dominated His incarnate life, inspired His ministry, strengthened Him in His sufferings, and supported Him in His agony in the garden and upon the cross. Magnanimity and serenity, majesty and strength are all His. Dore brings this out with a master hand in his "Christ before the Prætorium." The trial is over and judgment passed. An excited throng of Jewish fanatics are ready to do their worst. In their midst, as He descends

the great staircase, is the majestic figure of the Christ, conscious of a Presence other than theirs, of a power greater than that of the Roman Empire, and of a peace born of an abiding faith in God. Very man, very God. Christ is all in all. He it is who interprets for us the ministry of life and the mystery of death ; sweetens obedience, gives new courage and hope, inspires our ideals, sustains in the bitterest trials and gives a new and deeper meaning to fellowship in suffering and to the joy of service.

The task of winning the world measured by any human standard is an impossible one. The difficulties viewed from any standpoint are insurmountable. They are enough to make the most resolute and intrepid soul draw back. If the warfare were to be waged among brutal and beastly men, it would be enough to test the faith of the stoutest heart. But it is carried into the realm of spirits and means a conflict with the organized powers of darkness led by the prince of this world. The disciples fell back appalled when Jesus entered the shades of death and passed through the portal of the grave. All seemed lost. But with His resurrection was born a new hope. Despair in the presence of lost men, degraded women and disorganized so-

ciety no longer stared them in the face. Christ lived and with Him they too lived and wrought in a redeemed world, and realized that by the power of the Spirit of God through Him they were to become more than conquerors.

What is the secret of His conquering power? Napoleon was right. Not might but right, not heroic force, but heroic love. Not men driven, but men led. If Christ commanded us to go and evangelize the world, and that was the end of it all, ours would be a forlorn hope indeed. But when He commands, He shares with us the journey, the weariness, the watchings, the loneliness and the doing of the task. "All power is given unto Me—go ye therefore and lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." Light-hearted and joyous should be the messenger on such an errand for "In this promise our Saviour provides for an extension of His personality coequal with the extension of His Church. He virtually says: As fully as I have been with you at the point of your departure, 'beginning at Jerusalem,' so fully will I be with you at every point of your arrival, 'unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' This I believe to be the true explanation of our Saviour's words, 'It is expedient for you

that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I go away, I will send Him unto you.'" [1]

Heroic men have lived, and wrought, and died, that there may be more heroic men. The world is not simply richer because they have lived, but rather because they have suffered and tasted death. It is the divine way. Sabatier has said, "Is not devotion always blind? That a furrow be fecund it must have blood and tears such as Augustine called the blood of the soul." Seldom has heroic devotion exceeded that of Raymond Lull. He was blind enough to his own interests, but he cared only that he should not be blind to the interest of the Christ to whom he gave a passionate love without reserve. In this giving he did indeed plow a furrow along the northern coast of Africa which was enriched by self-denying effort, tears, and blood.

His preparation for missionary service was heroic. Nine years of lonely, assiduous study, a large part of which was given with the help of a slave, to the mastery of the Arabic language, is a proof of that. His appeal to the Church was heroic. Time after time he visited monasteries, universities, councils and Rome itself in order to stir an

[1] A. J. Gordon, "The Holy Spirit in Missions," p. 79.

interest in behalf of the evangelization of the Mohammedan world. But he met with apathy or rebuff. His zeal was heroic in that, while detained from going abroad, he laboured assiduously for the conversion of the Jews at home. And who could do that without running counter to inveterate prejudice and hatred of the Jew, a hatred which was breaking out into the diabolical inquisition.

His evangelistic journeys were heroic. Alone, he visited Cyprus, landed in Syria and penetrated to the interior of Armenia, still in quest of the Jew, for his zeal abated not. But it was his repeated missionary journeys to Africa to win the Mohammedans to the Christian faith, and which ended in cruel martyrdom, that brought out his heroic moral courage and remind us of the experiences of St. Paul.

Never in the annals of missions has there been a more remarkable example of sublime faith and courage than that of Mrs. Adoniram Judson. In 1824, when war broke out between Burmah and British India, the Judsons were living at Ava. The missionary home was entered by the spotted faced executioner, a tiger in human form. Doctor Judson was thrown to the ground, in the presence of his wife, tied and dragged to the death prison.

Loaded with from three to five pairs of fetters, he, with one hundred others, remained a prisoner for one year and seven months. It was during this period of awful suspense that the faith and courage of this remarkable woman shone with undimmed lustre.

Day after day, with presents and entreaties she sought the amelioration of her husband's condition at the hands of an officer "whose face exhibited every evil passion," and who constantly reminded her that she, as well as the prisoners, was absolutely in his power. Reaching her husband at last, who with his chain was barely able to crawl to the door, and lingering with him for a moment, she was thrust away with the words, "Depart, or we will pull you out." Repulsed by the queen, she renewed her plea for seven months, on foot and in the tropical sun, making almost daily visits to some member of the court. Undismayed, she persisted in her efforts; won the confidence of the keepers; secured mats for the prisoners to sleep on; brought them food, and kept them cheered with hope of ultimate relief, when hope with them had died out.

Removed to a remote spot in the interior, she followed the unfortunate captives with her babe in her arms, by boat, in an open

cart, and on foot—through dust and almost unsupportable heat. Finding them in a dilapidated building, chained two and two, and suffering from fever and ulcerated feet, she determined to remain near by that she might give personal succour to her husband and his fellow sufferers. She prevailed upon the jailer to give her "a wretched little room half-filled with grain; and in that filthy place, without bed, chair, table or any other comfort, she spent the next six months of wretchedness."

Attacked with tropical dysentery, a cart journey was made to Ava to seek food and medicine for the prisoners and for herself. She returned in such an emaciated condition that the Bengalee cook burst into tears. This faithful servant even forgot his caste in his admiration and sympathy; walked miles to carry food to the prisoners to save Mrs. Judson's strength, and returned to her side to render any service that might be required. Smallpox attacked her child. She, herself, came down with spotted fever, and for days her life was despaired of. As if her cup of misery was not yet full, no nourishment could be found for the child, and Judson himself was carried off to an obscure prison. It was of these dark days she writes:

"If ever I felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will hear, and thou shalt glorify Me;' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered."

God could not fail to answer such prayers. Her husband was found, her child recovered, peace was restored, they returned to their mission home to resume their work; and when the vail was lifted which for two years had prevented news from reaching America, the Baptist churches were so thrilled and aroused from their lethargy and indifference by the sacrifices and sufferings of these devoted missionaries that there followed a missionary awakening throughout their borders.

What the world owes to heroic Christian endeavour is little realized and cannot be computed in terms of miles travelled, years of vigilant study and observation, or sermons preached. The Japanese have a saying, "Use not a foot measure; it kills the work." It is the spirit of his art which creates an artist

out of an artisan, and it is the unquenchable fire of a great purpose which makes the impossible real. And yet one must have something in the concrete with which to realize what other men have accomplished.

Robert Morrison spent fourteen years, much of the time in concealment, painfully toiling over the most difficult written language in the world, before he completed his Chinese dictionary and the translation of the Bible. In doing so, however, he laid the foundation for all the tremendous literary work done by missionaries and sinologues since his day, and a most valuable contribution to the evangelization of nearly one-third of the population of the globe.

Grenfell ranks second only to Livingstone and Stanley as an explorer of the watercourses of Central Africa. The Belgian geographer, A. J. Wauters, speaks of him as having for twenty-five years "succeeded, as the messenger of peace, in winning the confidence of the savage natives by his patience, tact and cleverness and in irradiating the immense basin of the Congo by his itineraries and in endowing its geography with fixed points, carefully determined by astronomical observations."

Excluding the Kasai and Sankuru Rivers,

Grenfell revealed nearly all the tributaries of this immense river system and opened the way to hundreds of tribes unknown and inaccessible. This was done by heroic and unremitting effort, and in constant peril. His whale boat was nearly crushed in the jaws of a hippopotamus; one of his boatmen was seized by a crocodile and held for five minutes before the monster would yield his prey; guards were necessary as a protection from the flights of poisoned arrows along the Lomami; food was scarce and bad and had often to be eaten in his hands while navigating on the bow of his boat under a blistering tropical sun. Here, day after day, behind his prismatic compass he took his bearings and night after night, into the late hours, corrected the work by observations of the stars from the satellites of Jupiter.

When, one after another, the three engineers sent from England died of fever on the long march to the pool, he undertook to transport over the mountains and put together the *Peace*, a steel boat seventy feet long. This feat was performed in four months, when such portage took Henry M. Stanley two years.

He spoke of himself as an old man at fifty, with digestion ruined, strength impaired by

many fevers, and the burden of millions of unsaved human beings, whom his discoveries had brought to light. I stood at his grave at Basoko, nearly one thousand miles above Stanley Pool, and remembered that he fell with his face towards Uganda. It had been his cherished hope to establish a chain of stations along the Aruwimi until the workers of the Baptist Missionary Society might join hands with those of the Anglican Church. The great enterprise has been left to others. When realized it will form one of the great barriers to the Mohammedan advance.

The leadership of a great soul—who can adequately unveil its loneliness, its hopes and fears, its struggles and its faith?

"That rare track made by great ones, lone and beaten
Through solitary hours,
Climbing past fear and fate and sin, iron-eaten,
To godlier powers:

"A road of lonely morn and midnight, sloping
O'er earth's dim bars;
Where out at last the soul, life's pinnacles topping,
Stands with the stars."

The heroic quality is a part of all clear, strong thinking and conviction. There is no conviction without honest thought and thought that is shallow and evasive is not honest.

There is no body of Christian workers who, more than missionary leaders, need clearness of thought and courage of conviction. The cults of the East and subtle philosophies of the non-Christian religions are not to be met by counter subtleties, but by masterful statements of the truth. No such statements can be made unless there is a powerful grasp of fundamental doctrines, fearless denunciation of sin, and at the same time so deep a sympathy for the man who does the sinning as to penetrate and capture the citadel of his life. A viceroy of India has been quoted as saying, "Depend upon it, you will never rule the East save through the heart."

But there is honest doubt in the world as well as honest conviction and it must be given a respectful hearing. Keen intellects put searching questions which must be welcomed without flinching. To dodge an issue, or to parry a thrust by witticism may prove fatal to the faith of the enquirer. It is here that Christianity, above all religions, exalts personality. Frank and manly dealing with serious men always wins respect. Controversy rarely convinces men, while sympathy with a soul struggling for light disarms, creates confidence and leads to sure foundation for belief.

Duff in India, Martyn in Persia, and Verbeck in Japan were past masters in wielding argument as keen as any Damascus blade, and yet in sympathy had the breadth which won a new and larger brotherhood in Christ.

The heroism of the pioneer always inspires admiration; when to that quality is joined a sense of God and of mission as in the case of David Livingstone, a man is well-nigh invincible. A quenchless fire burned within his bones. He had the missionary restlessness of Paul, and could say with the Apostle, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." It is true that, at one time, difficulties had become almost insurmountable; he had been repeatedly prostrated by fever; his life was in constant jeopardy; and there was inadequate backing from England. At this juncture his brother Charles proposed his abandonment of Africa and his settlement in America. His reply settled the question for all time: "I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician."

Neither did his interest in scientific investigation and exploration divert him for a single moment from the one great purpose of his

life. The geographer was submerged in the missionary. Had he not said, "The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise." His was a great conception, and a noble program. The geographical feat was thirty thousand miles on foot, under the severest privations, the discovery of five great lakes, many rivers, a cataract mightier than our Niagara, scores of unknown languages, and hundreds of tribes unrecorded.

The suffering and endurance of the last few weeks of Livingstone's life seemed almost in the realm of the superhuman. His march lay through a district drenched with rain, full of swamps and swollen streams. His clothing was threadbare. Weakened by months of privation, hunger and disease, the fogs chilled him to the bone. His teeth were broken, his legs ulcerated, and pneumonia had attacked one lung. These things sapped his strength, but did not shake his purpose. Nothing could do that. Nearly thirty years before he had said to the directors of the Society he was ready "to go anywhere—provided it be forward."

Here is the record on his last birthday—March 19, 1873—six weeks before his death. "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men

for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus." A few days after (24th March), "Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

If faith and love are heroic, so must missionary motive have that element in large degree. No life of high endeavour can long be sustained without an adequate motive. The strain will be too great. The approbation of others, the exhilaration of work, and the inspiration of success—none of these are permanent. Approbation will grow stale, ardour will cool as the fires burn low, and the glow of success fade away into gray ashes. Motive must be powerful enough to sustain, and big enough to float God's plan for a man's life and for the redemption of the world. The spirit of benevolence is not enough. Mere pity will die when sensibilities are benumbed. Duty—grim-visaged and stern—will hold a man to his task for years, but that even may loosen its hold upon the life. It is love, the constraining love of Jesus Christ, that keeps its spring, energizes the will, and lightens the task un-

til a Christly joy is fulfilled in doing the things that are well pleasing in His sight.

No man is worthy of a world-wide work who will lend his strength and his gifts to that which is unworthy of his vocation. The gifts and time of a truly great worker in God's workshop are unpurchasable. God needs men who cannot be bought. Their time and strength as well as loyalty are His. Salary, emoluments, favours, none of these things move such a man. He lives in the realm of high art. He will not prostitute his gifts for base or commercial purposes. This is one of the chief things which distinguish him from the mere trader, the official who is a time server, and the professional man who has lost his ideals and is commercialized. The true man counts not his wage. He is content to be poor, like William Carey and his colleagues who wrought so marvellously in India, commanding the respect and admiration of governors and viceroys. When the sneers of Sydney Smith are forgotten, "the nest of consecrated cobblers" will be remembered. It is cheap to sneer; it is costly to die; but there are not wanting heroic men and women, who are ready to say with Paul, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself,

so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Heroic souls live in deeds, not years ; find their truest joy in sacrifice, and at the end lay down their lives willingly to do God's will. Such lives, then, are not measured by length, but by purpose ; not so much by what has been done, as by what they would do and by the capacity to love and to suffer.

Four years ago, Prof. J. W. Gilbert and I stood on the bank of the mighty Congo, below Matadi, and parted the long grass, shoulder high. Our eyes fell upon a grave. We instinctively uncovered, for we stood over the sacred dust of the heroic Alabamian, Samuel J. Lapsley, who twenty years before had laid down his young life for the redemption of Africa's millions.

At Luebo they called him the " Pathfinder." For two years he had tracked the forest, blazed the way to every sick mother and suffering child, and won all hearts by a Christly ministry tendered with his own hands. It became necessary for one of the two pioneer missionaries to make, in those days, the long and perilous journey down the Lulua, Kasai and Congo Rivers to secure a concession

from the Belgian authorities. Lapsley went, leaving Shepherd, his loyal friend, at the mission station to care for the work. Days ran into weeks and weeks into months. "The boat is coming, the boat is coming," was shouted along the hilltop. A wild rush was made for the river and then the sad news that the Pathfinder they loved was no more. He had been stricken with African fever upon the long three hundred mile walk, after reaching Stanley Pool.

To the mission and to the home Church the loss seemed irreparable and to some the sacrifice too great. But out of that heroic laying down of a man's life for his friends there came the first gleam of new light to many darkened, despairing hearts, and then the dawn of a day in which heathenish men and women began to realize the power of the death and life of Him who is the light of the world. A transforming force began to work which brought them into a new relationship with God their Father and with one another. Under the impulse of a mighty sense of brotherhood and obligation growing out of the evangel which Lapsley preached and lived, new centres of influence appeared in forest and plain until hundreds of villages have come to accept the Gospel, nearly four hun-

dred teachers and evangelists to proclaim it, and more than ten thousand staunch believers rejoice in redeeming grace and in the King's Highway out of darkness into light.

Loyalty to a purpose always commands the admiration of men. It does so because loyalty costs, and men in all ages appreciate the spirit of heroic devotion to a cause. At nine years of age Hannibal swore before the altar of his gods, near the Pillars of Hercules, that he would nurse "eternal enmity to Rome." Dominated by his life purpose, he measured himself against every difficulty, disciplined himself to suffering, inspired his soldiers to almost superhuman effort, pierced the Alps, and hurled his armies against the ancient foe of Carthage. Death alone could quench the fires of such a spirit—failure could not.

Horace Tracy Pitkin was one of Yale's manliest men. "He never drifted nor followed the crowd." God gave him a vision of China and of duty, and he gave himself to Christ and to missionary service. He had means of his own, but surrendered his preference for self-support to become the representative of the Pilgrim Church in Cleveland, Ohio, regularly paying the equivalent of his salary to the work.

"He was the only student volunteer in

college," says Mr. Eddy, "but when he left Yale, he left a volunteer band of twenty of the strongest men in the university. He kindled a missionary fire which in these twenty years never has died out, and, please God, it never will. When he left Union Seminary he left a band of more than twenty of the strongest men as volunteers. Before leaving this country he had raised more than one hundred men who actually reached the field."

The Boxer Movement came, and Pitkin fell in 1900, at Pao Ting Fu, defending the two ladies of the mission from a howling mob. His message to his wife was characteristic of the Christian martyrs of all time: "God was with me at the last, His peace my consolation. Send our little boy Horace to Yale and tell him twenty-five years from now to come out to take up my work in China." When they recovered his body for burial, "the hands were not bound, but uplifted as if in prayer."

The harvest from blood drops sown in the twentieth century is as sure as in the first. Pitkin had not lived to win a convert, he had not lived to learn the language. Fourteen short years go by, and out from under the arching city gate, where the head of the young hero had been placed as a trophy,

there poured a throng of students from the ten colleges which have been founded in that city since his death. Three thousand crowded the great Confucian temple to hear Mr. Eddy and others present the claims of Christ, and ninety of the number stood in the presence of that body of men and deliberately decided to accept Jesus as their Saviour and Lord.

To win the strongholds of the world there must be much heroic praying. No mere platitudes will do here. Missionary prayers are almost military in character. They do not underestimate the strength of the enemy, but are confident he will be defeated; they take account of the strategy of the evil one; they strengthen the base line of faith; they keep the lines of communication open; they draw upon the reserve forces of the invisible world; keep on the aggressive and are ready to follow up the victory when won.

Who can estimate the contribution of General Charles Gordon, who fell at Khartoum, to the evangelization of the Soudan? His letters to his sister reveal his inner life. He ruled as he prayed, and prayed more than he ruled. With what respect did his couriers regard the white handkerchief upon the sand in front of his tent door. In almost reverent silence they waited, for Gordon was praying.

The daily intercession in an humble Scotch home gave three lads to the ministry and one of these was John G. Paton. "We occasionally heard," he writes, "the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice, pleading as for life; and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb that holy colloquy." It was his father closeted with God in that little mid-room of the cottage used as a family sanctuary—the room between the shop on the one side and the living-room of the family on the other. To this sanctuary the head of the family was wont to retire after a meal to offer those petitions which kindled a quenchless fire of missionary heroism.

In a quiet English home a baby boy was dedicated to the Lord, like Samuel from his birth, and continued to be the subject of parental prayer. The mother on a visit sixty miles away sets apart a season every day for special intercession, and waits upon God until confident her prayer has been answered. At that very hour her son reads a religious tract which leads to his conversion, and Hudson Taylor becomes a missionary. He it is who, in after years, agonizes for China's millions, is given an assurance of the leading of the Spirit, throws the responsibility for labourers and funds upon God,

and pioneers the China Inland Mission. He honoured God and God honoured him with a mighty enduement of power and with marvellous achievement until a thousand missionaries, and more, are at work in the world's greatest mission field, and are held there by prayer and by heroic faith.

The tender-hearted Galilean conquers not by the heroic smiting of the sword, but by the sceptre of a heroic love. It was the famous Corsican who said with sadness, on St. Helena, that thousands of brave men had followed him into battle, but not one would now die at his command, while for Jesus Christ, who lived nearly twenty centuries ago, millions would lay down their lives. The aged Polycarp of Smyrna stood at the stake. While the faggots were piled about him, he was given a last opportunity to recant—"Eighty and six years have I been His servant," was his answer—"and He never did me an injury, how then can I blaspheme my King, who is my Saviour!"

We believe the world can be won, not because of its Napoleons, but because of its Polycarps—not by the sword, but by a deathless love. It can be won because we have a Gospel equal to the task. If it has saved one man it can save the race. If it

has met the need of mankind in the past, it can meet it to-day and to-morrow. To say the Gospel is a failure, when men refuse to try it and decline to live by it, is absurd. It reaches and satisfies man's need at the highest points of his nature and at the lowest. Coleridge could affirm his confidence in the divine origin and power of the Scripture because it found him at deeper depths of his being than any other writing, and Paul could say: "Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." We know it will win because it is a conquering force; meets the deepest need of humanity; has been fully tested; has won where everything else has failed; and, finally, because He who is the Way, the Truth and the Life is at the heart of the Gospel—is Himself the Gospel.

In 1886, there was a Chinese preacher in Peking by the name of Chang, an untiring evangelist and personal worker who helped me much when I was in charge of the Methodist Hospital in that city. I moved to Japan. Several years elapsed. The Boxer Movement came and went, and swept everything clean. Not a vestige remained of hospital, church and school, but these were rebuilt.

Upon a visit to the mission I met the young pastor. He was the son of the evangelist. I inquired for his father and mother. He hesitated for a moment, his lips quivering, and then told the story of their martyrdom.

His father was in charge of a church beyond the Great Wall, the door of whose parsonage opened towards the rolling uplands of Mongolia. The approach of the Boxers was reported, but the preacher held to his post. It seemed imperative, at last, to leave. He went out upon the highway with his wife and children, scarcely knowing whither to direct his steps. The fanatical mob followed, and the little group was surrounded. "Renounce your faith in Jesus," said they. "I cannot," was the calm reply. "He laid down His life for me." With their dull knives they hacked him to pieces. Pointing to the shapeless body, they turned to his wife and said, "Give up the Jesus doctrine, or you suffer the same fate." She replied, "My husband led me along this way for many years. Jesus is more than life to me. Do what you will." Her mutilated form was thrown upon that of her husband, and the little children suffered the same fate. It was a terrible story, but I thanked God for the heroic spirit of it all.

That night, as I sat at the table of the mis-

sionary who entertained me, I referred to it. He remarked, "It is all true, but did he tell you the sequel?" "What sequel," I exclaimed, "could there be to such a story?" This was the sequel. The son whom I had just met was at college and called to the ministry. He requested that, for his first work, he be appointed to the charge where his father and mother had lost their lives. He received the appointment, and some of the very men whose hands were stained with the blood of his parents were led to Christ through his ministry. Where in any land has the constraining power of the love of Jesus Christ had a more beautiful illustration or reached a higher level? Does not the heroism of love lie in such a spirit? "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do."

True greatness of soul is measured by the heroic quality of its faith. To win a world one must be sure of the basis of his faith, and then have the audacity to project it into the realm of the unexplored and the unconquered. It is not a man's confidence in himself—that may be pure egoism; nor in his power of achievement—that would be unwarranted assurance. His confidence will fail him in the hour of trial. He must have faith in the

sovereignty and the love of God as well as in the righteousness and the greatness of his cause.

The most heroic element, perhaps, in the character of Jesus Christ was His faith in God. It was unshakable, immovable. It held Him steadily to His purpose. It enabled Him to face unterrified and alone the powers of death and hell when the sustaining forces of nature were exhausted. It filled Him with peace in the midst of malignant hate, and gave Him a sublime confidence in the success of His mission. By the inspiration of His own faith Jesus brought a group of men to believe that they too might attempt the impossible. That belief has never died out, but it has ever been to its missionaries that the Church has looked for illustrations of daring faith and a quenchless hope.

John G. Paton and his wife, young and untried missionaries, were sent to the New Hebrides group where, on the island of Erromanga, John Williams and Harris had been clubbed and eaten. One of their first experiences was that of an encounter between hideous, painted savages, more like devils than men, who rent the air with frightful yells. Five were killed and dragged to the

edge of a spring. So polluted did the water become that tea could not be made of it, and they were obliged to drink the juice of a cocoanut instead. A sleepless night was passed. The shrieks and wails from the village were heartrending. Women were being strangled that their spirits might accompany their dead husbands into the nether world. No God, no sense of sin, no shame, no natural affection. Nothing but ignorance, bigotry and vice. All nakedness, and murder, and deceit. Is it possible to do anything with them? He answers the question in his journal. The God-idea must be wrought into their consciousness. It had been done on the island of Aneityum, and it could be done on Tanna. It must be done. "Our hearts rose to the task with a quenchless hope."

The Church with the vision of a redeemed humanity has the right to look forward to the consummation of her hopes of an evangelized world. She has at the same time the inspiration of looking back over her history and of reviewing the long roll of saints and martyrs who were faithful unto death. In all the great army there are none more worthy than those in ancient days who laid the solid foundations of the Kingdom of our Lord and cemented them by their blood.

It is not altogether the glamour of romance, and the lengthening shadows of the receding centuries that make the men and women of the past great in stature. Denied the revelation and the blessing of which we are the heirs of all the ages, they saw the promises afar off, were persuaded and embraced them. It was this magnificent faith which swept the heavens with telescopic view, believed that out of the inter-stellar depths, which their eyes might never fathom, would burst upon the world the Bright and Morning Star. These are they "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in war, turned to flight armies of aliens."

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

"Who best can drink His cup of woe
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below
He follows in His train.

* * * * * *

" A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.

" They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

LECTURE V

A MISSIONARY CHURCH

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A MISSIONARY CHURCH

A WORLD cannot be won save by a faith that lives and grows and conquers. Such faith does not depend upon tradition, upon a creed, upon ritual, upon socialized religion, nor upon the authority of the Church. Not upon any or all of these can it be based. It must stand upon the substance of things unseen; upon the impregnable rock of the very Word of God; upon a personal experience with Christ as Saviour and Lord wrought out in the soul—vital and constantly being renewed; upon the witness of the Spirit, bearing in upon our consciousness "the inexpugnable reality of the life of God in the soul of man."

This heroism of faith is needed as much by the Church at home as by the missionary in the regions beyond. Chalmers says, "Our chief business with Christianity is to proceed upon it." It is our hesitation that imperils the day, and our slowness to proceed upon a divinely-ordered program, withheld from

angels, but outlined for man. A failure to go forward with world-wide evangelization, when the world is ready and expectant, exposes the nations which have broken with paganism to greater evils, and a hesitant Church, at the home base, to the paralysis which comes from inaction.

The absence of a positive and aggressive faith always opens the way for credulity. A man who fails to believe that which is true and to act upon it soon finds himself open to almost every form of untruth. It explains why in an age of doubt so many exaggerated forms of mischief exist. They creep unbidden into the mind and heart and take possession. Is it not here that the parable of the evil spirits has its application? When the evil spirit which went out of the man returned and found his house empty, swept and garnished, seven other spirits more evil than himself entered in and dwelt there. Empty! No truth, no faith, no purpose, no expulsive power of a new affection, no master passion from God to become the occupant.

Men who can lead and have large capacity for leadership are needed here and there. But it is the common man that God seeks most, finds oftenest, and uses in His Kingdom. It is not the wise and mighty, but he

that is humble and lowly whom He delights to honour. The humble earthen vessel, though seamed and scarred, takes on a new lustre under the divine touch, is filled with a new spirit and is transformed into a vessel of honour. It is ever the mission of the higher in Christianity to seek the lower, and the glory of the lower to be lifted up by service into the higher.

The Church is set for the exaltation of Christ and for the progress of the Kingdom. This should be the supreme expression of her desire, and the burden of her prayer. There can be neither spiritual growth nor true progress without the exaltation of her Lord; and to exalt her Lord is to ensure her enlargement and her glory. No program will secure it, no creed, no ritual, no councils, no decrees, no priestly authority—only an uplifted Christ.

The Church should ever be ready to sound the note of faith and courage—faith that compels an expanding horizon, and courage intelligent enough to weigh, then dare. If explorers are eager to penetrate regions yet unknown, why not the Church the areas of divine love, only the fringes of which we have been able to touch. If scientists search the mysteries of nature, why not the Church the

hidden springs of grace; if merchants are seeking for new markets, why not the Church for new fields; if militarism is bent upon the destruction of humanity, why not the Church bestow its energies not upon the re-creation of humanity alone, but upon the extirpation of sin, the tap-root of all evil. Shall the Church capture the world or the world capture the Church? There can be no truce with the powers of darkness. To hesitate is to invite disaster in her own ranks, and dishonour from her enemies. Paralysis comes from infidelity. To mark time never measures the spirit of the soldier—it is the advance, the charge upon the enemy.

We face a giant task—the rebirth, the reconstruction, the restoration of the individual, of society, of the nation, of the race. Shall it be said of us, "Like as the children of Ephraim who being harassed and bearing bows turned themselves back in the day of battle"? Gideon with his three hundred was equal to the hosts of the enemy. One man and God could chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. The presence of Napoleon upon any battle-field was said to be equal to ten thousand men. If our Captain is at the front, victory is assured. It is not so much a question of *our* being upon the field, the su-

preme question is that of *His* being there. For His sake no sacrifice is too costly, for Him no odds too great.

The Church at home has too long gazed upon a sky-line of roseate hue. It has been too much attracted by the enchantment of distance and the glamour of missionary romance. There is a romance of missions, and there is the call of the wild and the untutored races. These do weave a spell about the soul, if there be a spark of imagination left to kindle into a glow. But there is no substantial basis in all this for that imperious purpose which must lie at the foundation of all sustained effort.

It should not be necessary, now and then, to open a new mission in order to stimulate flagging interest, or glowing reports of success be required to prompt to larger gifts. Above all to demand heroic sacrifice of our missionaries, and missionary graves, to touch the sentiment and quicken the conscience of the Church is pandering to a morbid taste, and will but end in repeated attempts to galvanize a dead body into life.

The Church does need the spirit of the heroic in the missionary, but it must be preceded by the heroic spirit at home. It does not need the practice of self-denial in the

messenger, but that messenger must be backed by greater self-denial upon the part of those who send him. It has a right to expect a prayer life of faith and power in the missionary body on the field, but there must be more prayer and greater power of intercession at the home base. The Church on the field should not be expected to rise in its spiritual life higher than that of the Church at home. If it does rise higher, it should lead to severe scrutiny of motive and of purpose in the home Church lest while the effort is being made to give the Gospel to the heathen there, we lose its power here and suffer a lapse of faith.

What does the Church supremely need? The Church does not need prestige, she has that; she does not need numbers, her rolls are long and full; she does not need machinery, she is over-organized; she does not need money, she has more wealth than consecration. She does need the spirit of prayer which is the key to power. There must be leadership in prayer which will bring the power to surrender her sons and daughters, put the machinery to work, consecrate the wealth, and send her reënforced upon her divine mission.

The Church needs a vision of One high

and lifted up, and yet infinitely near; confession of the sin of unbelief and of disloyalty to her Lord; purification through the truth, and enduement of power through the Spirit. The Church needs a moral earnestness which leads to the acceptance of a world-task demanding all her powers; a rediscovery of brotherhood in service pushed to the point of sacrifice, and to know the joy of it; a courage which fears nothing but sin; and an optimism which has "a persistent faith in God's to-morrow." The Church needs to know the mind of Christ; to be filled with His purpose to establish the Kingdom of God; to offer daily intercession for the same and to put in practice the prayer "that they all may be one."

What is all this but the superhuman task of erecting a Kingdom in which there is to be "a union of all souls that are in union with God, a world-order in which the will of God shall be reproduced in all human lives. To establish that Kingdom in east and west, and north and south, in trade and industry, in philanthropy and education and government and religion, in home and school and church, among all nations and all races—all that, whether fully anticipated or not," the Church must come to realize is "involved in the

great overmastering vision of Jesus of Nazareth." There is only one religion which can comprehend such a Kingdom and inspire a world order, which has adequate breadth and depth.

"It appears to be a growing conviction that in the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ there are certain universal and permanent elements, which constitute the essence of religion. I shall not describe this essence as the irreducible minimum, lest I be supposed to teach that its content is small and meagre. On the contrary its content is majestic and opulent. The fullness of the Godhead is in it; the depths of the riches of divine grace are in it; the unspeakable gift of God is in it; the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are in it; the depth and height and breadth and length of the love of God are in it. The growing appreciation of the Biblical content, the broadening scope of Christian experience are disclosing the vast proportions of these universal and permanent elements that constitute the essence of the Christian religion." [1]

The world is to be won by love. It cannot be subdued by any other power; it cannot be won in any other way. It is not only

[1] Chas. Cuthbert Hall, "Universal Elements of the Christian Religion," pp. 126–127.

the greatest thing in the world—it is the greatest force in the world. We may not like men because they are unlovely, but we must love men because they are lovable, just as we must believe men can be saved because they are recoverable. Men are to be loved because of their pitiful need. They are to be loved because of our common brotherhood in Christ. They are to be loved because God loves them as having the stamp of His own personality.

Doctor Cairns has asked the question—"Why did Jesus so love men?" He answers, "Because they were the likest thing, in the world around Him, to Almighty God. They had the spark of the divine life in them. They were capable of being loved into the image of God, of becoming such as would manifest God, revealing God the Father of man. It is the most reassuring thing about man in history that such a one as Jesus loved men as Jesus did."

Through the ages this has been the magnet which has drawn and held the soul of man. Its silent but powerful current searched and swept the heart-strings of a rugged fisherman, stout limbed and rough handed, with volcanic fires burning in his breast, and held him in its golden meshes until he could pen in burning

words to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus and Asia: "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

This has been the heavenly magnet, the dynamic of the Kingdom, the heart-throb which has never ceased to beat for sinful man. Its yearnings and its searchings were with a tender solicitude that would not let man go, and prompted the oldest and most saintly of all the apostles to exclaim: "He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." How beautiful, how persistent the power of divine, of deathless love.

Twelve centuries elapse; the long night of the Dark Ages begins to be spent. The light of a new day is breaking everywhere. I see another man, not from the Isle of Patmos, but from Majorca on the coast of Spain. He is a courtier, a musician, a poet and a prodigal. He comes to himself. Suddenly he sees Jesus hanging upon the cross with eyes reproach-

fully fixed upon him. It proves to be the turning point of his life. Shot through with conviction, and overwhelmed by the tide of divine love which swept over his soul, he surrendered for life as a missionary to the Mohammedans, the hardest and the most perilous task of that or any age.

Fifty years of unremitting service go by. In his Contemplations we read: "As the needle naturally turns to the north when it is touched by the magnet, so is it fitting, O Lord, that Thy servant should turn to love and praise and serve Thee; seeing that out of love to him Thou wast willing to endure such grievous pangs and sufferings." Then, as if lifting his pen for a moment of prayer and upward look, he adds these words, "Men are wont to die, O Lord, from old age, the failure of natural warmth and excess of cold; but thus, if it be Thy will, Thy servant would not wish to die; he would prefer to die in the glow of love, even as Thou wast willing to die for him."

Is it a magnet to which we would liken love? That is too cold. Is it a dynamic? That is too material. Is it the heart-beat of the world? That is almost too human. It is Christ. It is God, for God is love.

Doctor Zwemer well says in his Biography

of Raymond Lull, "The inner life of Lull finds its key in the story of his conversion. Incarnate love overcame carnal love, and all of the passion and the poetry of Lull's genius bowed in submission to the Cross. The vision of his youth explains the motto of his old age: 'He who loves not lives not; he who lives by the Life cannot die.'"

"The image of the suffering Saviour," continues Doctor Zwemer, "remained for fifty years the mainspring of his being. Love for the personal Christ filled his heart, moulded his mind, inspired his pen, and made his soul long for the crown of martyrdom. Long years afterwards, when he sought for a reasonable proof of that greatest mystery of revelation and the greatest stumbling-block for Moslems—the doctrine of the Trinity—he once more recalls the vision. His proof for the Trinity was the love of God in Christ as revealed to us by the Holy Spirit."

Love is immortal, imperishable. It is found in the waste places of the earth ready to become the basis of a new hope for humanity. We were lost in the heart of Africa. For two days our guide was without his bearings. The first day's march made a complete circle. We halted in the middle of the afternoon to find we were at the starting point.

Our sixty caravan men were almost mutinous. They had had nothing to eat. The night was spent in utter bewilderment, our men sleeping upon the bare ground. Long before day the march was resumed. We held to a dim trail until a late hour, when once more uncertainty came down upon us like a fog.

A hunter appeared who told us there was a village ahead, but it belonged to a cannibal tribe of bad reputation. The question was hotly debated as to whether we should spend the night in the forest, or go forward. Our hungry men decided to risk cannibals rather than leopards, so we pushed on. Night had fallen, when a gleam of light shot along the path. The caravan swung boldly in to the centre of the village where fires were burning and began a parley for food.

Utterly exhausted I threw myself upon a log. We had marched from starlight until the stars had risen again. At this juncture a young man, lithe and powerful, pressed his way to the front, bowed low, and begged the Ngangabuka (physician) to come at once and see his mother. I put him off, saying I was too tired to walk and would come later. He went, but returned insisting that I go to see

his mother. Again I refused, but promised to come as soon as a cup of tea had been prepared. Reluctantly he disappeared in the darkness. The third time he returned. So insistent was his plea that I said to Professor Gilbert, my companion, "I cannot stand it; I must go because of his importunity."

He led me a few paces to his hut. A fire was smouldering at the door upon the ground. Silhouetted in the flicker of light was the outline of his mother. We crawled in upon hands and knees to the place where she crouched moaning upon a mat of reeds. An examination developed the fact that she had an abscess of the middle ear. Her sufferings must have been terrible, but perforation had taken place. It was not the pain now but the discharge that terrified them both. In their childlike simplicity they imagined the brain itself was oozing out. A few kind words reassured them. Some medicine was given and I returned to my fellow traveller. "Gilbert," said I, "thanks be to Almighty God, I have found an unquenchable spark of divine love in the breast of a cannibal. There is love enough in that man's heart for his mother, and hope enough in mine upon which to build one's faith in the possibility of a re-

deemed Africa through the larger, diviner love of Jesus Christ."

The relation of the foreign missionary to the native worker and to the native Church is one which involves the nicest adjustments, and calls for the wisest statesmanship. In no alignment of forces on the foreign field is there involved so much that is vital to the propagation of an aggressive Christianity. An element of over control on the one hand, or of ultra independence upon the other, is fatal to that growth and progress of the Church which must be fostered, if nation-wide evangelization becomes an accomplished fact.

There is a statement in the action of the Indian National Congress, recently held in Madras, which while it refers to what is considered the ideal relation between the Indian and the Englishman, both subjects of the same empire, both equally loyal to the same governing head, applies closely to the missionary and the native Church. The action referred to is as follows: "The two extremes —the one of separation, the other of subordination—are both equally impossible and must be put out of our mind. The ideal that we must pursue, and which the Congress has set before itself, is that of coördi-

nation and comradeship, of a joint partnership on equal terms."

This goes to the heart of the matter. The ideal relationship in the kingdom of grace is one in which all men are equals—there are no terms of privilege save as grace is a God-given privilege to all men.

The student life of the world must be won for Christ. As a piece of Christian strategy it is central and vital. The greatest constructive evangelistic and missionary movements of modern times have, through the Spirit of God, been born of young and enthusiastic life, which has optimistic faith and dares the impossible. Zinzendorf and The Order of the Mustard Seed; John Wesley and The Oxford Club; Samuel Mills and the Haystack Conference at Williams College; George Williams and the Young Men's Christian Association; Mount Hermon and the Northfield Student Conferences with the Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, and the World's Student Christian Federation are tremendously significant in this connection.

Herein lies one of the most potent features of the Evangelistic Movement recently inaugurated in Methodism. It involves not only the conversion of the individual, but re-

lates itself to those decisions for life service which will recruit the organized body of lay and ministerial workers, at home and abroad. Young life is peculiarly open to conviction when the needs of the world and the demands of the Kingdom are intelligently and adequately presented. The claims of Christ and of humanity upon the life in the need of nurses, deaconesses, colporteurs, teachers, stewards, social service workers and missionaries should be vigorously and earnestly presented.

The response will always be equal to the investment of prayer and faith in this the most promising and fruitful field of the Church. If we would emphasize devotional Bible study, recruit the ranks of the ministry, direct the wealth of the Church into channels of benevolence, secure men and women for constructive Christian work, and qualify for leadership in the same, the place of decision must be in the Sunday-school and in the college. It will be inadequate, however, unless special effort be put forth, and time given to it, and the leadership be of those who have both sympathy and experience in dealing with young life and who constitute the basis of appeal in their own surrendered lives. No eye is so clear to detect the weakness and

inconsistency of a man's life as that of the student. No one respects straightforward honesty and manliness as he.

Methods are a matter of detail, but sometimes vital. Small prayer groups of students focusing intercession upon their own body; utilization of speakers selected from the regular pastorate, or young men from the mission field, because of their experience in dealing with the problems of young life, those who can present the claims of Christ and missions in such way as to lead men to open their hearts and bring them face to face with God. Mr. Moody discovered Henry Drummond at Edinburgh University as a past master in such work. It is at such moments decisions are made which change the course of a life and may influence the destiny of a nation.

God gives man a Saviour, Jesus Christ, who can really save. He reveals to man a religion, Christianity, which gives freedom and yet holds man to God. By faith in the one, man has the gift of eternal life ; by faith in the other, he has the divine charter of human liberty. But God does not give man moral character. He cannot. I say it reverently. That must grow by self-denial, by sacrificial service, and by vital touch with Christ for vital force.

It is the missionary's task to wisely direct that growth. No master builder of men requires deeper wisdom and diviner grace; none needs more human skill and Christly sympathy. Responsibility must be placed upon the native convert, but not too heavy; safeguards must be raised about him, but not too restrictive. It is rather the spontaneous buoyancy of hope that springs from unshakable faith in God the Father that is to be desired, and the masterful control which grows out of unquenchable love for his Lord that is to be sought for.

Christ did not lay unnecessary burdens upon men. He chose rather to bear them Himself and thus fulfill the law. He looked deeper than actions and searched for motive. With Him it was not so much what man was, but what man desired to be. It was this that made Him patient with doubting Thomas, and forbearing with impulsive Peter.

He placed no arbitrary rules and restrictions upon men. He taught that the letter killeth, and that it is the spirit that maketh alive. We have to be very patient with a people who have for centuries been living in an order of society which tolerated customs that are more than objectionable, actually sinful. Jesus did not spare sin, but He was

tender to the sinner for He loved men and reverenced their personality. He came not to them who were whole, but to those who needed a physician.

A missionary church far out upon the rim of civilization—how shall I describe it? It was the day after Christmas when the *Samuel Lapsley* steamed up the Lulua River. She rounded the bend, cleared the forest and brought us in sight of a great throng gathered on the right bank. The lion-hearted Morrison, tender and true, was returning with us to his devoted friends. After an absence of two years I had come back with a mission party of eight. Standing there before us were missionaries and native helpers; men, women and children saluting us with handkerchiefs, palm branches or extended hands. Among them, Mudimbe and Dufanda, the faithful companions of our first journey, and the stalwart four with Wembo Niama's spear, who had just walked twice five hundred miles to tell the great chief of the Batetela that Kabengale would be true to his word, and return to his village with missionaries by the twenty-fourth moon.

For a single moment a solemn stillness pervaded the atmosphere—the awe-inspiring hush as of a prayer—then from a thousand

throats there burst forth, in the Baluba tongue, the words of that triumphal song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" and simultaneously from the *Lapsley* an answering refrain from our sixty lusty wood-choppers and firemen, who sang out the words, "We'll Trust and Obey." No language can describe the thrill and power of it all. Tears could not be repressed. There was the overmastering sense of the Presence of Almighty God in Central Africa. Greetings were exchanged with our Presbyterian fellow-workers of fair complexion and of dusky hue, but who alike as faithful intercessors had prayed ten years for the coming of the Methodists. Then they climbed the hill, filled the great church and heard the recital of the goodness of the Great Father during all the intervening months of absence and of travel. As that mighty company bowed their heads in reverent thanksgiving, we realized that Ethiopia had not stretched out her hands in vain and that we would yet see Africa redeemed.

Was it a prayer of empty words that day? Was it a vision or a mere dream? Within ten days of that wonderful hour, that Presbyterian church made up of converts from raw heathenism, some of them ex-slaves and from cannibal tribes, gave us two of its leading

evangelists and their wives and fifteen Christian workmen as the nucleus of a Methodist church in the remote interior. The Kingdom is coming and Christ is in the midst when such things are possible.

There can be no true missionary Church which has not its centre and source of inspiration and power in Christ as the head of the Church. Shift that centre to an ecclesiastical oligarchy; shift it to an hierarchy, or any human source of authority and of power; and the Church is doomed. To live, and grow, and rejoice in the fulfillment of her God-given mission, Jesus Christ must have the supreme place. It must be a Church that is surrendered to Christ, catholic in her sympathy, burning with zeal in evangelistic effort, consciously called into the fellowship of her Lord, daily enriched by communion with Him, and abiding in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bonds of peace.

Members of such a Church cannot content themselves with simply being exponents of a principle, or advocates of a cause. They must be exemplars of a life. They must be the pioneers of spiritual progress, the educators of the social conscience, and the creators of a corporate sense of responsibility to God for the advancement of His Kingdom. Fail-

ing this, she loses her spiritual power, forfeits her place of leadership and ceases to fulfill her mission in the world.

"No Church can live on its past; it must live by faith and duty in the present; no Church has any claim to be whose only right is historical. The only claim is present truth and life, love and service, making the Church a temple of the living God, a body for the Spirit of Christ. Churches, then, everywhere live under the judicial and by the evangelical law. This makes it necessary that no Church or body of Churches lose for one moment their evangelical zeal. The Churches are bound to be vehicles of the grace of God, living centres of evangelical energy and force, changing ever the secret life that is in them into the lives that are to be, penetrating the present, preparing the future, being in all their parts as bodies of the living God."

It is not sufficient that the pastor shall master the subject of missions. He must be mastered by the truth, that the object for which the Church exists is the establishment of the Kingdom of God in all the world. This goes beyond the mere advocacy of missions, it goes to the heart of the matter and gives "the subject of missions its true place in his ministry." To the pastor belongs in a

preëminent degree the privilege and the responsibility of solving the foreign mission problem.

The missionary passion is as necessary to the pastor at home as it is to the pastor abroad. There is no neutral ground. Both are in the war. The minister, like his church, must be either cold or hot. If cold he is disloyal to his Master. If neither cold nor hot, he is unworthy of the Cause and is in danger of being spewed out. The Christian who does not go as a foreign missionary must give a satisfactory reason why he stays at home. The burden of explanation rests upon him. The man who enters the pastorate at home must seek to know the mind of Christ. He must have the largest possible grasp of the world's evangel; a keen sense of the world's need; a deepened sense of compassion; courage to meet opposition; intelligence in presenting the claims of missions so as to overcome ignorance and prejudice; masterfulness in grappling with problems of policy and administration; ability to "raise the supplies at home that should maintain the work of God abroad." The majority of great missionary secretaries have been missionary pastors, some of them on the foreign field itself.

The world is to be won by presenting

Christ as a Redeemer who is able to save humanity at its lowest, and who is not only able to save, but is to-day restoring men—sinful, degenerate men—to their rightful relationship as sons of God, and brothers to all other men. We can have, therefore, no patience with a philosophy which announces as the first principle of humanity that "the weak and the botched must perish." If that be humanity, it is a remnant of a barbaric age and should be outlawed as unworthy a place in the Kingdom of God. It is a part of the sentiment from the same source that defines what is good as "all that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself in man."

Our Gospel is an evangel of comfort to the broken-hearted, of strength to the powerless, and therefore of hope to "the botched and hopeless." It was to the philosophizing Greeks that Paul wrote, "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

It is not the good in man, not the feeling of power, nor is it the power itself in man that is to save humanity. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," continues the Apostle,

"that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." It is the commonplace that Christianity comes to uplift and glorify. Under its touch a clod becomes vibrant with power, and every bush aflame with the presence of God. The clod may nourish a seed that can feed a world, and the bush burn with an energy that speaks of pentecost and tongues of fire.

"No one Church is equal to the task of evangelizing the world; and if the various Churches working in foreign fields do not coöperate with each other, but fall to fighting among themselves in the presence of the heathen, all of them together will do something worse than fail. On the mission field only bodies pervaded by a catholic spirit are of any avail. But the doctrinal basis of evangelical Christianity is the only platform wide enough for all parties to stand harmoniously upon. Strifes about forms of ordinances, doctrines of historic episcopates and apostolic successions, and dogmas concerning forms of governments and ecclesiastical jurisdictions, appear ridiculous to intelligent pagans, and it is worthy of remark that such worthless things disappear from the home land, even, whenever a great revival sweeps over the country. These minor matters cannot be of

the essence of Christianity, and no amount of verbal jugglery or astute argumentation can make them appear as of prime importance to any healthy mind which is free from partisan bias, or to any devout soul filled with the joy of the Spirit." [1]

This is a wise and timely utterance. It recognizes the bigness of the task, the necessity for coöperation, and the certainty of failure without both the spirit of catholicity and the doctrinal basis of evangelical Christianity which makes catholicity secure. May strife about forms disappear, the things that are worth while emerge, and the revival come, at home and abroad, through the ministry and unifying power of the Spirit which shall cover the earth with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

"It is not possible," says Mr. J. H. Oldham, editor of the *International Review of Missions*, "to go back to the unity which was broken up at the Reformation, but only to go forward towards a larger and higher unity, which recognizes and is based upon the freedom of the Christian man. To seek cooperation along these lines, however, makes large demands upon character. Behind all the consideration and discussion of the ques-

[1] Bishop Candler, "Great Revivals," p. 304.

tion of coöperation, ennobling it and filling even petty details with large and deep meaning, lies the question—a question of real and great historical significance—whether there is among the leaders of the missionary movement the loftiness of Christian character, the statesmanship, the largeness of vision, the breadth of sympathy, and the faith in God to enable them to achieve, for the sake of the evangelization of the world, in a measure that has never been achieved before, a living, free, rich, effective unity, in which the gifts that God has bestowed upon each will find their highest expression, and the resources with which He has entrusted His Church will be used to the uttermost for the speedy advancement of the Kingdom of God." [1]

The extension of the Kingdom—that is what we stand for. It is what we are saved for. To tell the world of the Father's love—was not that Christ's mission? To tell the story of the Saviour's love—is not that our mission? How true have we been to the command to go? That is the test of discipleship. How loyal have we been to the love which impels to go and tell? That is the test of Christianity.

[1] Conference of Missionary Societies in Great Britain, June 1913.

In the province of Shansi, Mrs. Han, an old Chinese woman, was soundly converted. "Her love and faith and the consistency of her Christian life were undoubted. And yet she never asked to be received into the Church, and seemed distressed when the subject of baptism was mentioned. This puzzled the missionary ladies, who could not think of any reason why Mrs. Han should hold back. At length in a quiet talk one day the old lady unburdened her heart.

"'Alas,' she said wistfully, 'if only I could be a true follower of Jesus and be baptized.'

"'And why not?' questioned the missionary, much interested. 'Is there anything to hold you back?'

"'Me? Why, of course there is,' exclaimed the visitor sadly. 'How could I be His true disciple? I could never accomplish the work.'

"'What work?' said her friend kindly. 'Did not Jesus do it all?'

"'Oh, yes! and I do love Him, and am trusting Him alone for salvation. But I know that the Lord Jesus said that His disciples were to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Alas, I am not able to do that.

"'I do love to tell of Him,' she went on, as her missionary friend seemed unable for the moment to reply. 'I have told my son and his wife, and all our neighbours, and in the summer time I can go to several villages near at hand. Oh, I am not afraid to tell of Jesus! It is not that.

"'But I am old and very feeble. I cannot read. My eyes are growing dim. And I can only walk a little way. You see it is impossible for me to go to foreign countries and preach the Gospel. If you had come when I was young—but now it is too late. I cannot be His disciple.'"[1]

Who among us does not come under conviction from that simple story? Accomplish the work! Have we done it? Go into all the world! And we have not gone! To every creature! And millions perish without the Gospel. Mrs. Han said, "I cannot be His disciple." We accept the discipleship and disobey the command.

The sense of mission. How overmastering it should be in the soul. The Church can no more live without it than the individual. As for the Church she has numbers enough, resources enough, organization enough, to complete the work to which she is commis-

[1] Mrs. Howard Taylor, "Pastor Hsi," p. 93.

sioned, and to do it in this generation. What then is lacking? The sense of God and of mission; the sense of responsibility for a world yet unevangelized; the prayer spirit and the power of the Holy Ghost. If she falters, she loses her opportunity and her crown. If she fails she dies. There is no failure if the Church is true to her Lord, and ready to do His will.

Men who can lead and have capacity for leadership are always needed. But it is the common man, after all, whom God seeks most, finds oftenest, and uses in His Kingdom. It is not the wise and mighty, but he that is humble and lowly whom He delights to honour. The humble earthen vessel, though seamed and scarred, takes on a new lustre under the divine touch, is filled with a new spirit and is transformed into a vessel of honour. What is all this but a miracle? But we need not go back to the apostolic age for the miraculous. It is all about us. The mission fields, at home and abroad, abound in illustrations of God's power in the transformation of life and character.

Jerry McAuley, converted thief, gambler, and drunkard, founded the celebrated Water Street Mission of New York City, which became a Door of Hope to thousands of lost

men and women. It was the name of Jesus falling upon his ear while stretched upon the floor recovering from a drunken debauch that touched the spring and drew the rusty bolt of a hardened heart. "Whose name was that?" he asked. "I loved that name once, but I have lost it." It was a mere gleam of light. The bolt snapped back and darkness resumed its sway. Months elapsed. He is in prison and reads that Jesus died for sinners. Upon his knees he pleads far into the night, light comes again, and he shouts, "I have found Jesus! I have found Jesus!" Attracted by the unusual sound the keeper threw the rays of his dark lantern upon him and demanded, "What is the matter with you?" "I have found Jesus!" replied Jerry. "I'll put you in the cooler in the morning," said the keeper, and put down his number. But he forgot to carry out his threat.

Next morning to the criminal on his right, and to the criminal on his left, as they sat at breakfast, Jerry imparted his burning message. It was his only chance. "I have found Him. I have found Him." To his fellow prisoner in front of him, and to his fellow prisoner behind him, as they marched with locked step in column from the workshop

that day, he repeated the same glorious message. It was his only other chance, and he improved it. What wonder that a revival fire kindled under the dynamic of a new-found love—a fire that burned and leaped from man to man and from cell to cell, until scores of hardened criminals were saved.

Let us turn to the foreign field. A converted Japanese pilot presented himself at our mission home in Kobe years ago, homely and uneducated, but full of zeal and of untiring energy. He had found Christ out on the Pacific Coast five years before, worked as a cook while studying the Bible, but could remain no longer. It was the call of an unconverted mother—a devout Buddhist—that brought him back. He led her to Christ, led his family, led hundreds of his countrymen, and was wonderfully used in having a large share in laying the foundations of a great evangelical and educational work along the shores of the Inland Sea.

Years later, I was on a visit to Korea. A knock came upon the door one day. "Who is it?" is the question; and the reply, "Only old Mr. Kim the tiger hunter." There he was when I went to greet him, this grizzled old man, with his weather-beaten face, and sunburned neck and shoulders furrowed by the claws of

more than one tiger with which he had had a personal encounter in the mountain fastnesses of the Hermit Kingdom. "How many tigers have you killed, Brother Kim?" "Only eleven," he modestly replies, though some of these had been hunted and dispatched with spear and knife, as incredible as it seemed. It was for this heroic service the Emperor had decorated him. "What have you in that bag, Brother Kim?" "Ammunition," is the laconic reply, with a smile. It was his New Testament and hymn-book. "Do you no longer hunt tigers?" "No, Moksa, I am hunting for men." And then followed the beautiful story of how Jesus had found and tamed him—for he had feared neither man nor beast, and now he was spending his days going from hamlet to hamlet hunting for men to whom he could tell the love of the Saviour he had found.

These are diamonds in the rough. Earthen vessels! Common people! Yes, but it was the common people who heard Jesus gladly. Unpromising material? Perhaps so. But it is out of this very material saints and martyrs are being made, and the good work will go on until the Great Architect has fashioned a temple in which Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone, and every true believer shall

have a place somewhere in pavement, or wall, or dome. The crooked lines of human nature—and there are many—are they not "the master strokes of God"? How often has our Father guided us when we knew it not, and how marvellously does He work out the divine pattern in the mosaic of imperfect human lives.

"When a visitor to Rome ascends into the dome of St. Peter's," writes Doctor Watkinson, "he is surprised by the general coarseness of the mosaic with which it is covered—the material is rough, the inlaying without taste, the colouring devoid of delicacy or design. Yet, surveyed perhaps three hundred feet below, it is grand enough; the apparently crude and slovenly artistry becomes a vision of fair shapes and colours. The ornamentation of the dome was designed with a view to its being seen from the floor, and its imperfection is its perfection; for had the work been smooth and delicate, it would have proved an utter failure, whereas it is the crowning glory of the shrine. The conception of the whole thing evinces on the part of the artist the fullest knowledge, the truest genius, the completest mastery of his vocation. The apparent imperfection is part of a larger perfection."

Christless is the one word which best describes the condition of the non-Christian world. Under the spell of heathenism there is stagnation, darkness and pessimism. Souls without Christ are morally and spiritually benumbed, atrophied, dead. It is the insidious advance of sin through every member of the body, until spiritual death supervenes. There is no remedy save through the impartation of life by those who have life.

Is there not a profound suggestion in the raising of the son of the Shunammite woman from the dead at the hands of Elisha, the prophet? She journeyed in haste, and found the man of God at Mount Carmel. The sad story of the death of her boy was told by the mother. The prophet commanded his servant Gehazi in the words, "Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thy hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child." And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice, nor hearing. He returned therefore, met the prophet in the way, and said, "The child is not awaked."

What could the wooden staff do? What could the faithless servant accomplish? There

was no more life in the one than in the other. It remained for the prophet himself to enter in and shut the door, to pray unto the Lord, and then to stretch himself upon the lifeless form, until he that had no life in himself received life. It is a remarkable illustration of our dealings with a dead heathenism. Neither man-made machinery nor spiritless messenger can convey life to a lifeless body. It is only the Church of God, instinct with the presence and spirit of her Lord, who can stretch herself by the side of heathenism. Her warmth, her power, her very spirit of life from God can be so imparted that even the dead may be quickened and raised up. But it must be a living Church and not a faithless one. And at last, it is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the living God.

We are entering upon a new era of missions. It is one of final survey and occupation. The world field is open and ready. Heathenism has been undermined. The preparatory stage has ended. We are within sight of the goal, and have but to press the advantage gained.

A native Church of vigour and power has been planted in the mission field. It is in a sense an indigenous Church, rooted in the soil. It has grown and spread like a mustard

seed. In the older fields the Church is coming into a state of self-consciousness and self-expression. It is the natural and logical outcome of more than a century of faithful seed sowing and cultivation. Native leaders of capacity have been trained on the field. Christianity has become the religion of the home—its hymns and its prayers are in the vernacular of the people. It is in these fields to stay, and a withdrawal of the missionary force would not uproot it.

Missionaries and Boards are at times perplexed at the stirring of independent thought and life in the young Church. For years they have prayed for growth and fruitfulness, and have hoped and planned for self-support and self-propagation. But when prayers have been answered, and plans are reaching fruition, uneasiness is created by the spirit of independence. Methods of self-government and forms of polity differing from that of the mother Church are feared. Beyond a careful indoctrination in the principles of Christianity, is it wise and have we a right to run an Oriental membership through Occidental moulds? To foreignize may be to create "an imperfect imitation of the imperfect Church at home." To westernize may be to place a yoke upon young shoulders difficult to bear,

and may result in arresting spontaneity, if not growth itself. Soundly converted men and women have witnessed to the faith, and sealed their testimony with their blood. Thousands more are ready to follow in their train. Surely the task of the maintenance and propagation of Christianity must, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, be entrusted to them.

It does not necessarily follow that the evangelization of the world demands organic union of Churches on the mission field, though in some cases that is desirable and in the providence of God will surely be brought about. But to do the work which has been committed to us with the greatest possible economy and efficiency and to finish the task at the earliest possible day, there must be coördinate and coöperative effort far beyond what has yet been attempted. To fail here is to be untrue to the tremendous responsibility which we have assumed in accepting the Gospel.

Commission VIII of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh gave expression to the following sentiment:

"We are beginning to see that the Church is again facing a mighty conflict, like that which arose when the living forces of the

Gospel contended with the forces of the pagan world in the early centuries. While we recognize the incidental advantages which may result from separate administrations, and rejoice in the testimony to any successful efforts which have been made to improve organization and promote coöperation, yet the fact remains that the Christian forces are confronting their gigantic task without adequate combination and without sufficient generalship."

There are indications of a movement in a number of fields which looks to a unification of purpose and the wise conservation of working force which must tell in the near future upon the advance of the Kingdom of God.

The Federation of Evangelical Churches which makes provision for provincial councils and a national federal council in India, includes Methodists, Presbyterians, Friends, Disciples of Christ and other denominations. The constitution provides that while "the Federation shall not interfere with the existing creed of any church or society, the federating churches agree to recognize each other's discipline and to welcome members of other federating churches to Christian fellowship and communion," and that "the object of the Federation shall be to attain a

more perfect manifestation of the unity of His disciples for which the Redeemer prayed, by fostering and encouraging the sentiment and practice of union." The importance of this movement cannot be overstated since it looks to complete occupation, economy, native agency and the most effective distribution of forces in order to the evangelization of India.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown, in his timely lectures on "Unity and Missions," refers to the action of the missionary body in the Philippines as one which, while it does not ignore the difficulties of such federation, recognizes the necessity and the wisdom for a determined effort to bring the evangelistic forces at work into a coöperative whole.

The Evangelical Union of the Philippines sets forth as its object the union of "all the evangelical forces in the Philippine Islands for the purpose of securing comity and effectiveness in their missionary operations." In its constitution, among other provisions, the following with regard to the division of territory was adopted:

"Whereas, several evangelical missionary societies are entering upon their work in the Philippine Islands, and whereas the evangelization of these people will be more

speedily accomplished by a division of the territory, thus avoiding waste of labour, time and money arising from the occupation of the same district by more than one society, which has marred the work in other and older fields; therefore,

"Be it resolved, That each mission now represented on the field accept the responsibility for the evangelization of certain well-defined areas, to be mutually agreed upon, such agreement to be open to revision at the end of three years by the Evangelical Union at its regular meeting." [1]

The world will never be won by emphasizing our denominational differences, but by magnifying the great fundamental truths which we hold in common as evangelical churches—truths which are vital and inconvertible because of their relation to Jesus Christ our common Lord, who is Himself the author and finisher of our faith. It will never be evangelized by any union of workers at home or abroad, which has a single compulsory element in it. At the same time, it will never be won for Christ so long as we present a divided front to heathenism. The ranks must be closed up. There must be one great unifying purpose,

[1] A. J. Brown, "Unity and Missions," pp. 148–149.

and one spirit animating the body—that of Him who said of Himself, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Here is where the enduring emphasis must be placed. He is the centre about which all effort for the extension of the Kingdom of God must be organized.

It is Jesus who is "far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." It is the Christ of God the Father, who hath had all things put in subjection under His feet, and who has been given to be head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all."

It is this same Jesus who prayed, "And the glory which Thou hast given Me I have given unto them; that they may be one, even as we are one." Shall we not with the great Apostle to the Gentiles reverently bow our knees unto the Father and say: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church, and in Christ Jesus unto all generations forever and ever. Amen."

LECTURE VI

THE PREËMINENCE OF CHRIST

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THE PREËMINENCE OF CHRIST

AS in the stellar worlds there is said to be a central cosmic sun about which all worlds revolve, so in the world of men and of spirits must Christ be central and regnant. To hold the universe of nature with all its flying orbs of fire and of light; the supernatural with all its principalities and powers; the universe of men and myriads of angels in one cohesive, intelligent, purposeful whole, there must be one supreme and dominant figure; not blind force, but a regnant, masterful person. That ruling, reigning spirit is Jesus Christ, the Son, whom God "appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds; who being the effulgence of His glory, and the very image of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had made purifications of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; having become by so much better than the angels, as He hath inherited a more excellent name than

they." It was not unto men, nor unto angels, but unto the Son that it was said, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever; and the sceptre of uprightness is the sceptre of Thy Kingdom."

An imperial Christ is represented by an imperial gospel. His scheme of redemption is world-wide in its conception, terms of grace, inspiration to man's faith, and application to man's need. His is a royal decree which commissions the Church and places imperative obligation upon His followers to go and preach His Gospel to every creature. No humbler soul ever walked among men, and yet no more majestic figure ever trod the earth. He emptied Himself that He might serve—He claimed His divine Sonship that He might command nature and the supernatural, men and angels to do His will. He bore the cross that we might wear the crown, and tasted death for every man that we might be called the sons of God. He is the world's dynamic.

As the Washington monument towering over our national Capitol seems to lift itself higher and higher as it recedes from view, so the Man of Galilee grows upon mankind as the centuries mark the mile-stones of human history from His advent into the world.

"If we estimate," writes Romanes in his "Thoughts on Religion," "the greatness of a man by the influence which he has exerted on mankind, there can be no question, even from the secular point of view, that Christ is much the greatest man who has ever lived."

It was said of Socrates that he died like a man, and of Jesus that He died like a God. But Jesus did not come to teach men how to die. He came to teach them how to live. His sacrificial death as an atonement for the sins of the world lifts Him at once out of the category of men. But the giving of one's life for the carrying of Christ's message of love to the ends of the earth is not too great a sacrifice for any man. It was rather to teach men how to live a sacrificial life that Jesus rose again, a far more difficult thing to do than laying a man's life down. The motives He gives, the principles laid down, and His doctrines declared, are those which have for their object the richest and most fruitful life possible to man. The truths which He imparts as the world's greatest teacher are germinal seeds out of which life grows. It is the carrying of these seeds to those who are remote, and their faithful planting under the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit that

may be counted upon to yield the fruits of the Spirit in the lives of men. Those fruits are love, joy, peace,—principles and potentialities out of which spiritual empires may be builded if men would only yield their ambitions to Him.

Viewing Jesus as a man what is the verdict of those who have studied His life and character? Ernest Renan writes:

"All history is incomprehensible without Him. He created the object and fixed the starting point of the future faith of humanity. He is the incomparable man to whom the universal conscience has decreed the title of Son of God, and that with justice. In the first rank of this grand family of the true sons of God we must place Jesus. The highest consciousness of God which ever existed in the breast of humanity was that of Jesus. Repose now in Thy glory, noble founder! Thy work is finished, Thy divinity established. Thou shalt become the corner-stone of humanity so entirely that to tear Thy name from this world would rend it to its foundations. Between Thee and God there will no longer be any distinction. Complete Conqueror of death, take possession of Thy Kingdom, whither shall follow Thee, by the royal road which Thou hast traced, ages of adoring

worshippers. Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing; His legend will call forth tears without end; His sufferings will melt the noblest hearts; and all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

Christianity is a religion with the most substantial elements of permanency and vitality for its content, and the largest promise of universality. For two thousand years it has stood the most crucial tests, and at the same time has spread to the limits of humanity. Nor has it lost its vitality by age. Nations, institutions and civilizations may decay and disappear. It constantly renews its youth and its strength by a return to the divine source of its life, its inspiration and its power. Therein lies its permanency. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field," exclaims the prophet. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever."

It is not one of several religions—it is the only religion. It is not a religion for a particular people—it is for all nations. It is not the religion of the West, nor is it of the East, but a universal religion revealed in world

terms. When the Psalmist comes to give utterance to God's promise to His Son, He says: "Ask of Me and I shall give thee the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." It is Christ Himself who expressed the Gospel in terms capable of infinite expansion: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." The great Apostle to the Gentiles held this cosmopolitanism steadily in view when he wrote to the Romans, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first and also to the Greek."

The glory of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has always been its absolute freedom. It forms no caste to restrict its progress. It is at liberty to dip down to the lowest pariah and reach up to the highest levels of social life. It preëmpts no territory, closes no door, and excludes none from its privileges and does not hesitate to offer God's grace on the same terms to the Roman soldier gripping his spear, to the king grasping his sceptre, to the proud owner of the Italian villa and his slave destined for the gladiatorial arena. "Noth-

ing," says the Apostle, "can separate us from the love of Christ."

Christianity seeks man at his worst and brings him to his best. This is its task and this the glory of its mission. If a mountain range is measured by the distance between its deepest valleys and its highest peaks, a religion must be measured by the power to transform the most degraded into a lofty nobleness of life and character. Judged by this standard, Christianity stands without a peer, and rejoices in its mission of recreation, restoration, and good cheer. It starts with the uprooting of sin, but it does not stop short of the infilling of the Spirit. An emptied life must become a spirit-filled life; an incomplete life must become a perfected life by the grace of God, through the power of God, and into the Kingdom of God.

The message of the missionary cannot be delivered with power unless he is impelled by the love of Christ. Neither can he realize the power and urgency of his message unless he is filled with love for men. Christ alone can create a yearning for the lost, and a willingness to become all things to all men. The truth, to have power with men, must be spoken simply, sincerely, and with that love into which truth may pour itself; an incarna-

tion as it were of truth expressed in terms of love. What is the final answer to the need of our age? It is not the love of truth for the sake of the truth, neither is it the love of life for the sake of life, but the love of truth and the sacrifice of life for the sake of man. Christ did not die for the truth, though He counted it as dear as life, but He died for sinful men that they might be redeemed from sin into a life of service through time and through eternity.

Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, made preëminent by the Holy Spirit, is the supreme and final answer to the need of our age. All life must be related to His life; all faith must be centred in Him. His revelation of the Father is the world's most precious truth; His love the world's greatest dynamic; His life and ministry man's best illustration of the possibilities of a glorified and consecrated manhood.

The world's religious faiths have their roots deeply embedded in the past. Those roots have become dry and sterile. There is one guarantee that Christianity will not share their fate. That is the living Christ who is in the midst of humanity, the heir of all the ages, to reënforce His teachings, making them ever new and ever fresh. Without

this, His followers would become utterly hopeless. With it they are blessed with an optimism born of a faith which will stand the supremest tests of life, here and hereafter.

It has been well said that "the function of great beliefs is not to find perfect men, but to make them." It takes more than a great belief, however, to make a perfect man, though faith is a large element in such divine work as that of building men. Christianity seeks for lost men, sinful men, and out of this poor material builds character, commissions witnesses, and creates a kingdom of light. But after all, it is Christ in Christianity doing the work. There is no Christianity without Christ—the central force, the driving power, and organizing personality of the moral and spiritual universe.

"The most stupendous and irrefragible proof of the truth of Christianity is our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. It is the solitary grandeur, the sublime character, the divine teaching of this mysterious One, this sublime Christ, this effulgence of His Father's glory and the very image of His substance which we are to resemble: we are to be not like some glowing seraph who stands beside His throne, not like some archangel who flees to do His will; but like Him who is 'the chief-

est among ten thousand '—'the altogether lovely.' " [1]

We make Christ preëminent because our life, our service, our power to bring forth fruit, are all centred in Him and drawn from Him. If we are dependent upon Christ, He is in a mysterious sense dependent upon us. I say it reverently. But He has taught it. He is the vine, we are the branches. He is the corner-stone, we are the building fitly framed together. He is the head, the Church is His body—His hands, His feet—His only means of expressing Himself to the world, of conveying His message to lost men.

What more wonderful, what more inspiring to mortal man than to have a share in the manifestation, the unveiling, the epiphany of the Son of God. Christ as our mediator has taken the High Priest's place, and man through Jesus Christ now comes boldly unto a throne of grace, then filled and impelled by the Spirit, he goes forth to unveil, by his life and testimony, the Christ to his fellow men. Indeed, he himself as he grows to be Christlike becomes a lesser manifestation of the glorious epiphany.

Jesus came to save lost men, and in doing

[1] The Rt. Rev. M. S. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, Student Volunteer Convention, 1898.

this to save the world. He chose to send His Gospel to the world through men. He might have selected angels, but it was not in God's plan. Men could do it better than angels, because Jesus Himself became a man. Men were more fit than angels because they were a part of humanity, sharers of its sin and sufferers from its guilt, but fellow heirs in a Christly purpose and in the glory of redemption. Men on such a mission must become Christlike. They do become Christlike in their self-denying ministry to other men, and win by the power and passion of an all-conquering love.

The Master uttered a great truth in terms of a paradox when He said: "Whosoever would save his life will lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it." The principle holds true of our efforts to save others. By the way of the cross we come into life ourselves, and by the same way we bring men into vital union with our Lord. The sacrificial spirit of the Master must be interpreted to the world in terms of a sacrificial life. The sufferings of Christ, wrought into our lives, become by some mysterious process "profoundly co-operative with His in the ministry of salvation." It is often through the deepest ex-

perience of suffering that we find the richest ministry of service. Is it not in a very real sense an identification with Him? The Apostle understood the profound significance of it all, and with reverent spirit accepted the privileged fellowship when he exclaimed, "I fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ." . . . "Who is weak and I am not weak; who is offended and I burn not?" . . . "I bear in my body the marks (the brands) of the Lord Jesus."

Not long after the Boxer Movement Dr. Harlan P. Beach spent a Sunday in North China. It was the day for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The elements were passed by native elders, among whom was one whose hands were terribly misshapen. As the broken bread was presented to him by this Chinese brother, the doctor involuntarily shuddered—it was those misshapen hands. Why had they permitted a diseased man, or one maimed, to be a bearer of these memorials?

The service over, the question was asked and the answer given. This man had been counted faithful. He was a notable illustration of a living faith in a preëminent Christ. The Boxers had put him to the test. When urged to deny his Lord he refused. Again

and again his poor tortured body was flung upon the rack with stick and cord upon his hands until they hung limp and lifeless beyond recovery. But faith rose triumphant over all the enemies of the Cross. They might destroy his body—they could not dethrone his Christ.

Only an humble Chinaman, far from the centres of Christian thought and activity in the west from which the Gospel came. Only a simple minded trustful believer in Jesus—but those scars, how they glowed with light in the doctor's eyes after that day. Ten thousand had perished for their faith. This man had lived to suffer, to have continued fellowship in sufferings, and to bear upon his body the brands of the Lord Jesus, but through that suffering and fellowship his Christ had been made preëminent.

The faith of the native Christian on the mission field is beautiful in its simplicity. He knows nothing about the Christ of art and of literature, and little about the Christ of history and of theology; the central and vital thing of all is that he does know Jesus—the Christ—the Son of the living God, trusts Him, would die for Him and ever seeks to make Him preëminent. These are the credentials of Christianity. They are not creeds

or formulas inscribed on parchment, or cut in stone, but living epistles emblazoned with fire, messengers who speed like arrows straight from the bowstring, sent not by the hands of a man, but shot forth by the impulsion of a God. To a Chinaman belongs an honour greater than that of the Victoria Cross on the field of battle. It's that of deliberately selling himself as a slave, that in accompanying his fellow countrymen in the hold of a coolie ship on the voyage to South America, and in the mines he might find opportunity to win them for his Lord and Master.

It is not, therefore, so much the Christ of history, nor the Christ of theology we would seek to present to men in the evangelization of the world, but the personal Christ. He it is who seeks to reveal Himself to us, who desires to have us share in His life, and to enter into a sense of real and vital fellowship with Him. It is through Jesus that we are to come to the theology of the schools. It is through the historical Christ to the theological Christ, and both are to be realized by an overmastering sense of the presence of the personal Christ, dealing with the individual soul until one can truly say, He it is who forgives *my* sin, renews *my* life, and impels *me* by His love.

The Kingdom of God then becomes in us an acceptance of the idea and the fact of God as realized in Jesus Christ. He alone of all religious teachers has been able to make God "become a credible, conceived, believed, real Being," a personal God and a divine Father. In doing this through His own flesh and by the agency of the Holy Spirit, He has established His own claims to divinity.

"Jesus Christ is a name that represents the most wonderful story and the profoundest problem on the field of history—the one because the other. There is no romance so marvellous as the most prosaic version of His history. The Son of a despised and hated people, meanly born, humbly bred, without letters, without opportunity, unbefriended, never save for one brief and fatal moment the idol of the crowd, opposed by the rich, resisted by the religious and the learned, persecuted unto death by the priests, destined to a life as short as it was obscure, issuing from His obscurity only to meet a death of unpitied infamy, He yet, by means of His very sufferings and His cross, enters upon a throne such as no monarch ever filled and a dominion such as no Cæsar ever exercised." [1]

[1] Fairbairn, "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology," pp. 6, 7.

Warneck, in his study of animistic religion which prevails among all primitive peoples, insists that "fundamental uncertainty is found everywhere." The answer given to every deeper question is "We do not know." A heathen in Suriname admitted "You serve the truth and we serve lies. The lie always gains increasing power over us." Bankruptcy of faith and consequent uncertainty always follows the sacrifice of truth upon the altar of mendacity. The religious life of the heathen is pervaded by an atmosphere of falsehood. The man who is capable of a religious lie soon becomes the possessor of a lying religion with its moral sterility and spiritual catastrophe.

Out of this loss of truth comes an inversion of the entire moral order, and a growing estrangement from God. "A melancholy gravity, and a tragic sadness" run through animistic religion. "The splendour of the tropics has been unable," says Warneck, "to brighten the religious life of the animist. The results of his reflection are dark, hard, and cheerless. The friendly gods are far away, the spirits are numerous and formidable, their service hard, while fate is pitiless and their own souls unmerciful."[1] In my

[1] Warneck, "The Living Christ and Dying Heathenism," p. 81.

own travels through Central Africa I passed through entire villages, especially on the Upper Congo, where I did not hear a laugh save the occasional prattle of a child. A cloud of gloom and death seemed to have settled down like a pall. There is no human release from the grip of fatalism which makes the heavens like brass and life a tragedy. No relief from the bondage of evil spirits in this world ; no hope for the life to come.

It takes a powerful and a superhuman force to break through such conditions and give man hope for the life to come. Vital Christianity is alone able to do it. Its enterprise of missions is steadily winning the world. Not because it is one of mechanics, but of dynamics. It is not ethical, but spiritual. It involves a force the most potential in the universe, but that force is personal, vital and concerns every man. It is Jesus, a personal Saviour to be presented to every sinful man, a personal Advocate with the Father for every man, and a Presence in the person of the Holy Spirit—manifesting both the Father and the Son—God with us—with every child of God who accepts the terms of grace. Immediately present, immanently present, forever present. To accept this Per-

son, to realize Him, to live Him, is the heart of the Gospel and the soul of the missionary enterprise.

If the world is to be won, Christ must be made preëminent and His evangel presented in the spirit of the Apostle who wrote to the Thessalonians, "Our Gospel did not come to you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Spirit, and in much assurance."

With the exception of a personal consciousness of God, nothing so convinces men as moral certitude. When certitude in the message and consciousness of a divine sending in the messenger are united, conviction through the Holy Spirit is sure. Men have sought for God, but "None of the religion of the Indian Archipelago, or Africa, has ever conceived of God making Himself known to men." Christianity, on the other hand, is full of such a conception, and finds its deepening realization in Jesus Christ. How beautiful the certainty of faith and growing personal experience of Christ in one of the greatest preachers of our age.

"All experience comes to be but more and more of pressure of His life on ours. It cannot come by one flash of light, or one great convulsive event. It comes without haste and without rest in this perpetual living of

our life with Him. And all the history, of outer or inner life, of the changes of circumstances, or the changes of thought, gets its meaning and value from the constantly growing relation to Christ. I cannot tell you how personal this grows to me. He is here. He knows me and I know Him. It is no figure of speech. It is the reallest thing in the world. And every day makes it realler. And one wonders with delight what it will grow to as the years go on." [1]

Christianity has brought new and nobler ideals into the world. It is a part of its mission. Ideals are not mastered by men, but men by their ideals. We are always in need of a reconsecration to our ideals. Human nature is weak. Loyalty, as well as steel, has its breaking point. The assault upon the citadel of our nature is fierce, and is liable to be renewed when weariness and pain lower vitality, and when the power of resistance is diminished. A man in such hours may do things that are unworthy of his high calling. There is a real danger, then, of lowering our ideals and of cheapening our calling and of our work.

It was at the point of weakened vitality that the tempter made his first fierce assault

[1] Phillips Brooks, Sermons, pp. 193–194.

upon Jesus. The very surroundings were full of wild suggestions. Hunger gnawed at His vitals, the atmosphere was oppressive with a sense of loneliness, on the one hand, and of the pressure of the powers of darkness, upon the other. He did not have the companionship of three sleeping disciples even. But He entered the arena with a reconsecration of His life purpose and a renewal of His loyalty to God. He seized the shield of faith, and wielded the sword of the Spirit. Divine credentials had been given at His baptism. There was such a consciousness of Sonship, and of a heaven-sent mission that His ideals lifted his whole life. Jesus stood upon a plane where, in the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts, He could meet the spirit of the evil one and conquer. He triumphed over the power of the flesh and of the devil, but by the power of the Spirit. The devil left Him and angels came and ministered unto Him.

Dr. Kenneth MacKenzie of Tientsin was a noble example of loyalty to ideals and to Christ.

The success of Doctor King and himself in the recovery of Lady Li opened the way for the most tempting offers from Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of the metropolitan province. These were the more seductive since they were from the highest official of

the Chinese empire, who had become favourable to missionary medical work, and seemed to open the way to princely friendships, imperial favour, and almost boundless influence. This came at a time of great domestic sorrow, much loneliness and severe trial. His wife, disordered in mind, had to be cared for in England. It was a sore temptation to accept these brilliant offers. Had he done so, instead of enhanced influence and a larger field he might have lost the central purpose of his life, and with it all that was worth while.

Steadfastly MacKenzie held the even tenor of his way, healing the sick and preaching the Gospel. What was the sustaining power of a life which thus refused to cheapen itself and steadily pursuing its one great aim maintained its high purpose? It was a deepening prayer-life, and the daily renewal of his ideals. His bedroom was a library of devotional literature, and its walls were hung with reminders of an unseen Presence. In the retirement of his closet, and in audiences with the Viceroy; in the hospital chapel and by the bedside of the lowliest patient, he silently practiced the presence of God.

Here was a man who won men while touching science at its highest points, and

human need at its deepest depths; whose only passion was Christ, and whose supreme work was to make men whole. It was said of him that he brought more souls to Jesus Christ the last year of his life than the entire mission put together. What wonder that a poor old Chinese farmer at midnight, as he lay dying, exclaimed, "I cannot go! I cannot go! until I tell the doctor farewell; it was he who led me to Jesus." There through the small hours, by the old man in the hospital ward, sat the beloved physician, unmindful of a weary body, for angelic messengers were bending to earth, and the morning stars were singing together.

What had happened? Was it the celestial city let down from above? Has God the Father changed that He would thus commit so heavenly a ministry to men? He has not changed. God has ever yearned over the world and loved it.

"The world itself is changed and is no more the same that it was; it has never been the same since Jesus left it. The air is charged with heavenly odours, and a kind of celestial consciousness, a sense of other worlds, is wafted on us in its breath. Let the dark ages come, let society roll backward and Churches perish in whole regions

of the earth, let infidelity deny, and, what is worse, let spurious piety dishonour the truth; still there is a something here that was not, and a something that has immortality in it. Still our confidence remains unshaken, that Christ and His all-quickening life are in the world, as fixed elements, and will be to the end of time; for Christianity is not so much the advent of a better doctrine as of a perfect character. And how can a perfect character, once entered into life and history, be separated and finally expelled? It were easier to untwist all the beams of light in the sky, separating and expunging one of the colours, than to get the character of Jesus, which is the real Gospel, out of the world. . . . In Him dawns a hope—purity has not come into the world except to purify. Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world! Light breaks in, peace settles on the air, lo! the prison walls are giving way. Rise, let us go." [1]

Our conception of personality, its sacredness and power, grows with our deepening knowledge of God the Father manifested in Jesus Christ, who is God the Son. It is a conception which in us is expanded from the finite terms of personality to the infinite, and

[1] Horace Bushnell.

brings back to us a new realization of the infinite value of the human soul, and an awakened and intensified obligation to seek lost men at any cost.

This enlarged conception of personality was ever present in the consciousness of the great missionary apostle. It was because he realized Christ. Nor was it at the periphery of his life that Paul came to such a realization. It was at the centre. Then that centre was shifted and became identified with the centre of spiritual gravity—the pivot of the universe. This is the explanation of the fact that Christ was the source and inspiration of his missionary activity. It was not the heavenly vision that accounted for it, though he had not been disobedient to the vision. It was not conviction, though he had a profound sense of obligation, and could say with tremendous emphasis, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians." It was not because he was sent as a messenger with divine credentials, though he could boast more than any other man of his apostleship. It was the personal Christ to whom he had surrendered unconditionally, and from whom he had received that spiritual gift which it was his burning desire to impart to others. Identity with the Christ life

had become the supreme fact, and he was ready to interpret vision, enforce his message, declare his apostleship, and confess his indebtedness to all men in terms of that higher personality into which his own had been merged.

It was at the New Orleans Missionary Conference that Bishop Thoburn exclaimed: "The first great work of the Spirit of God is to manifest Christ to His own believers. Jesus Christ is alive to-day; He is in this world. If you think Paul had a special miracle wrought in his case when he says that it pleased the Father to reveal the Son in him, you are mistaken. I am talking to men and women who know Jesus Christ better than they know me, far better than they know any person in this world. Some of you understand me perfectly. The great truth which the Christian Church needs to learn to-day, and to thoroughly master, is that Christ is manifested to His own. And He is not only manifested to them, but He is with them in the world. You can talk to Him to-night. You may ask: 'Will He reply?' He will reply, sometimes through His providence, sometimes through His Word, sometimes by a whisper from His own loving lips, and oftentimes by a manifestation of the Spirit

which only the believer can understand ; but I would feel as if my Gospel were gone if I did not know that there is One above all others in this world, whom I can seek and find, and with whom I can hold converse before I sleep to-night." [1]

Was there anything new in this statement? For years this veteran missionary had been living in the restful assurance of a conscious fellowship with Jesus Christ who said : "Abide in Me and I in you." The bishop was on his way from Bombay to London. An avowed infidel—a passenger by the same steamer—accosted him one day as follows : "I learn that you are a missionary." "Yes," was the reply. "I have been trying to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ for forty years in India." "Your Christ is dead," answered the sceptic; "a dead Christ cannot save India." The bishop quietly replied, "Yes, my friend, that is true, but Christ is not dead, He lives. I met Him in my stateroom this morning." The man looked at him in amazement. He made no rejoinder. How could he in the presence of one who said he knew Christ and had preached Him as a living and ever present Saviour for nearly

[1] Thoburn, "Missionary Issues of the Twentieth Century," p. 52.

half a century. Such certitude and such assurance were overmastering. The consciousness of a personal and preëminent Christ is Christianity's final and complete answer to heathenism and to infidelity.

Principal Cairns says: "The historical fact of Christ is the central secret of the New Testament." That being true, the personal fact of Christ, interpreted by experience, is the central, pivotal point of Christianity. Everything hinges on this—on Him, it would be better to say, and especially the great mission of the Church to the unsaved world. Experimental religion is at the heart of missions, at home and abroad; a vital saving faith in a personal Saviour, who saves not by historical evidence, but by His personal presence, "touching men to-day with living hands, and searching the depths of men's personality with living force."

Christianity is not a doctrine; it is a truth. It is not a code of ethics; it is a Gospel. It is not a system of theology; it is a life. It is more than a religion; it is Christ. Christianity has for its content a divinely revealed body of doctrine, but it has more; its ethics have never been surpassed, but it strikes its roots into a soil deeper than any ethics; it embraces all the framework and furniture of

theology, but there may be a theology and a sterilized life; it is a religion vital and true, but that religion finds its only centre and circumference in Jesus Christ. Without Him the whole fabric would collapse. With Him faith stands secure. In Him the hope of humanity rests. To carry Christianity to the world is to carry Christ incarnate to those who abide in Him, and in whom He abides.

God's plan of redemption in Christ includes far more than the salvation of the individual, as important as that is, and with all the emphasis that Christianity places upon personality. Jesus came not only to save men, but man—all mankind. It is in the corporate relation—" in the Church that God's consummate glory will be seen. No man in his fragmentary selfhood, no number of men in their separate capacity can conceivably attain 'unto the fullness of God.' It will need all humanity for that—to reflect the full-orbed splendour of divine revelation. Isolated and divided from each other, we render to God a dimmed and partial glory . . . wherefore the Apostle bids us 'receive one another, as Christ also received us, to the glory of God.' " [1]

[1] G. G. Findlay, " The Expositor's Bible ": Epistle to the Ephesians.

It is by Jesus Christ that all who believe have access by faith into the grace wherein we stand. Here is a breadth and comprehensiveness of the missionary movement inaugurated by Jesus Christ, administered by the Spirit, and propagated by the apostles which knows no limitations and stops at neither nationality nor race. As Christ received us into His fellowship, so are we to extend a spiritual brotherhood which shall be all inclusive of the inheritance of the saints in light.

With prophetic vision Isaiah announced from Jehovah the dawn of a new light upon Israel and upon the world, and the coming of a glorious Prince whose name should be Immanuel, God-With-Us. This Royal Presence and the realization of it in Christ has been, and is, the most stupendous fact in all of man's life, past or present. He has been Immanuel while man groped among the shadows, in centuries past, and Immanuel as man stood upon the threshold of a larger life and rejoiced in the light of a new age and a heaven-born hope. What wonder that the evangelist, seven hundred years later, with his eyes fixed upon the Messiah should quote the words of the prophet: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell

in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

It does not concern us here whether Isaiah's conception is limited by his immediate horizon, or is pushed out until it encompasses the coming of the Messiah. What does concern us is the realization of a nation-long desire, the consummation of a world's expectation, a new emphasis upon personality, the vision of a spiritual kingdom in terms of love rather than law, a deeper meaning given to man's sin, and God's suffering, and "the pledge of ultimate salvation."

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," exclaims the prophet, "and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

That zeal is "the mixture of hot honour and affection" wherein our Father-God demands much, and gives more than He demands. "It is that overflow of the love,"

writes George Adam Smith, "that cannot keep still, which, when men think God has surely done all He will or can do for an ungrateful race, visits them in their distress, and carries them forward into unconceived dispensations of grace and glory. It is the Spirit of God, which yearns after the lost, speaks to the self-despairing of hope, and surprises rebel and prophet alike with new revelations of love."

It is in the Son of Man that the desire of the nations finds expression, and in the Son of God that divine grace and truth become incarnate. How beautiful the words of our own poet, Sidney Lanier, as he accords the faultless, flawless, Peerless One His rightful place as King of men and Lord of glory.

"But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign seer of Time.
But Thee, O Poet's poet, Wisdom's tongue,
But Thee, O man's best man,
O Love's best love,
O perfect life in perfect labour writ,
Of all men, Comrade, Servant, King or Priest,
What if, or yet what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumour, tattled by an enemy,
Of influence loose, what lack of grace,
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's or death's,
O, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, Thou Crystal Christ."

The leadership for the hour must be that of men who know Jesus Christ. This is the prime requisite. Nothing can compensate for the lack of a vital personal experience of saving faith in the Son of God. To know God in Christ is to apprehend His purpose, to recognize His providence, to carry out His plans, and to be filled with His spirit in order to be the servants of His will.

As important as they are, it is not by conventions and conferences that we are to know the will of God and to do it, but in those meetings of two in which Christ makes a second, and of three in which He makes a third. It is He who illuminates the mind, and strengthens the purpose, in the service of the Father. It was His meat and drink to do His Father's will and to finish His work. He trod this path alone and blazed the way for man. Nay, He Himself became the Way, that in Him might be found the royal road to the service of God and man.

For winning the world, workers are needed who are willing to enter with Christ into the school of prayer, be led of the Spirit and become intercessors. It is through intercession that the hidden springs of life are to be touched; hearts opened to divine grace; the choicest sons and daughters of our homes

set apart for God's work; our colleges and universities made the reënforcing centres of religious activity; the wealth of Christendom placed upon the altar; the Church become the heart and source of an aggressive Christianity; and the spiritual forces of the unseen world unlocked and brought to bear upon the unevangelized millions. Are these things possible? They are within our grasp. Nothing is impossible with God.

The great enterprise of missions can only be led by those who are willing to pay the price of leadership in labours, in watchings, in fastings, in loneliness, in wrestling with principalities and the powers of darkness, in sharing responsibility for the souls of men, in bearing the world's burdens and in the care of all the Churches.

True leadership must have capacity for vision. It is both breadth and fore-gaze that are required of one who is praying and planning for the extension of the Kingdom. Provincialism and prejudice too often react upon each other. In the spiritual realm, failure in lifting power may come from littleness of soul. It must be striven against. It was Carlyle who said that while we may be engaged in doing only parts, we must cultivate the faculty of seeing wholes. God will

not be hampered in His providence by limitations of time and space. He works through the ages and beyond the bounds of man's habitation. He seeks men who, like the Apostle to the Gentiles, have a vision of an empire with all its outlying provinces, cities and populations won through a Gospel written in world terms, and then are ready to follow the leadership of His Son in the spirit of implicit obedience.

Men are ready to follow Jesus because by His incarnation He made God personal, made Him more real, and convinced men He was as much love as He was law; as merciful as He was just, and that He could be a real Father in His compassionate care of His children as well as in His authority over them. In His own person, in the days of His flesh, Jesus Christ became a true Son in obedience to the Father, and a real Brother in tender love and loyalty to His brethren.

Never was God so completely identified with humanity as in Jesus Christ. Never was Fatherhood so beautifully related to sonship as in God and man. Never was brotherhood so expanded and so enriched as by the Great Brother of the race who condescended to share the burdens of the overborne, to

impart strength to the weak, and to save unto eternal life those that are lost.

The glory of God in the perfecting of man is the purpose of religion. God's supreme work in creation was the making of man. Sin's supreme work has been man's unmaking. Christ comes to recreate and restore from a blurred and broken image into a rich and perfect life. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Is not this a movement towards God, and in the approach to Him, are we not gradually filling out our powers and fulfilling His purpose for us? Is it not the meaning of the Apostle when he repeats in his prayer for the Ephesians, "And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge that ye might be filled unto all the fullness of God"? It is the filling of an empty life, the rounding out of an incomplete life, the enrichment of a poverty stricken life, and the discovery of a life with divine possibilities.

As the ocean, seeking the shores of a great continent, pours its tides into every inlet and bay, floating the tiny barge and the great liner upon its bosom, so are the rich currents of divine love ever ready to sweep into a man's life, possessing and uplifting until he catches a vision of that divine commerce be-

tween God and man, and man's interchange of spiritual hospitality with man which brings him to a realization of his mission.

God is doing the best He can with man. He is bent upon it. He will not be satisfied with less. His best is beyond our power to conceive. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man." He begins the work through Christ by uprooting the sin in man's heart, bursts the bonds of deadly habit, enlarges shrunken capacity, restores blurred vision, and by His creative power the great Architect of souls transforms a mass of ruins in man's moral nature into a beautiful temple in which the Spirit of holiness shall dwell.

Some men are saying in these latter days that Christianity has failed. Has Christianity failed? There is no failure in vital Christianity. If there is failure it is in us. There may be failure in our faith, if so it is bankrupt and will be rejected of God, and should be of man. The salt that has lost its savour is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. There can be no failure in Christianity ; its centre, its very soul is the living Christ.

The world will not be won by our civilization, not by our material resources, not by our

institutions, not by our ideals, not by our creeds, not by our leadership, but by Jesus Christ and the preaching of His Gospel. It is not our Gospel, even, but His; it is not our power, but God's. The last and final differentiation between our race, and those of the non-Christian lands is the measure of Christ in our civilization, personal experience, and life. The centre of Christianity will be with us as long as we have most of Christ. When as a race we come to have least of Christ, the centre of Christianity will be shifted, and all our boasted civilization, resources, institutions, creeds and leadership will not save us from the dry rot of godlessness.

After all, are we not in danger of claiming too much? Has Christianity a geographical, or a population centre? Where Christ and one true believer is, there is Christianity. It needs not a temple made with hands, nor a palace, to enshrine His love. Christ may be enthroned in the heart of the humblest, poorest creature in the universe. "All this," said an old woman to Bishop Burnett, as she held up a crust, "all this and Christ."

A beautiful recognition of the claims of the preëminent and universal Christ was made by Chili and Argentina when, upon the very summit of the Andes and on the boundary

line between the two republics, was raised a great statue of the Prince of Peace. The Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, Commissioner for the District of Columbia, in referring to this statue and a proposed disarmament between South American republics by selling battle-ships, remarks:

"The bright vision of universal peace must wait upon Christ Himself. He is the One and the only One who can keep peace between nations or peace between individuals; and it is to Him that we all look for that increase of international comity which shall lead eventually to international peace, to universal peace, when all men and all women will be men and women of good will."

The world's hope of international and universal peace centres more and more in Jesus Christ. Outside of Him it is a fiction and a Utopian dream. He constitutes its hope, its inspiration, and its constraining motive. Bands of steel may girdle the continents and bring the world into a neighbourhood, but chains of love can alone bind humanity into a great brotherhood. Only upon the basis of Christian character more solid than granite, and upon the eternal foundations of righteousness and justice can peace be enduring.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ will win the world because of its deep note of joy. The announcement that God was to come to man begins with a song of angels, and the record closes with the glorious anthem of the Spirit and the Bride, for man to come to God. "And he that is athirst, let him come: He that will, let him take the water of life freely."

Jesus was preëminently a fountain of joy. He was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, but a deep peace lay at the centre of a life which never lost its poise. Within a few hours of Calvary He could say—"Fulfill ye My joy." It is the wholesomeness of Jesus' life which makes Christianity wholesome. No abnormal introspection, no straining after character—just being true, always true, that is all—a perfectly normal religious life. When the world of men, civilized or savage, once comes to realize that love and sacrifice and joy are bound up together in a true Christian life and are never disassociated, but are entirely natural because true, and true because natural, then human hearts will yield a joyful homage to the preëminent Christ.

The biographer of Henry Drummond writes of his friend, "Perhaps the most conspicuous service he rendered his generation

was to show them a Christianity which was perfectly natural."

After all, was it not the naturalness of Jesus and His unselfish interest in others which won the common people and especially children? It always wins. There was no sham, no affectation, no self-seeking—all sincerity, all interest in others, all forgetfulness of self. It is this very sincerity and transparency of character in the missionary which most quickly wins the heart of the pagan and even that of the savage. The latter is a shrewd observer. He searches with quick eye for the motive that is central in life and, finding it sound, yields his confidence with amazing readiness. Deceive him, and you lose him forever.

When the central motive is love, the life becomes almost irresistible. Moody said of Drummond: "Some men take an occasional journey into the thirteenth of First Corinthians, but Henry Drummond was a man who lived there, constantly appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teaching. . . . All the time we were together he was a Christlike man and often a rebuke to me." It was the song of love in Drummond's heart, the high note of joy ready for any service, prepared for any sacrifice.

These are days when the forces that make for a world-wide Christianity must go forward. But it is not sufficient to sound the bugle note for an advance. There must be a deeper spiritual note preceding it, without which no advance can be made. The Captain must be sought for on the field, and at the front, not in the rear, His voice be heard and His spirit pervade the force, then Christian conquest is sure. To send men forward, without preparation, without discipline and without the sacrificial spirit is to rush weaklings to the front and to imperil the cause.

Robert Louis Stevenson says: "There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life—the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself at his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him."

In commenting upon the fable he adds: "All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands,—seeking for that bird and hearing him." Should he not have added a third strand—the joy of telling others? This last, though unconscious, perhaps, was the secret of Stevenson's power.

He told what thrilled his own soul, and what he felt, with such a sense of joy and wholeheartedness that the world found a new interpretation of friendship through him.

Doctor Fosdick says: "When a poet takes fire from Jesus' joyful conception of God, he pictures, as Browning does in 'Saul,' a man longing to help his friend, and then pictures him rising from this human love towards God to cry:

"'Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst
Thou—so wilt Thou!
So shall crown Thee life's topmost, ineffablest,
uttermost crown—
And Thy love full infinitude wholly, nor leave up
nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in!'

This thought of God is peculiarly Jesus' contribution to the world, and no other ever compared with it in joyousness. It stands to reason that no gloomy soul ever really held, much less originated such a jubilant conception of Deity. Out of this thought of God a boundless hope inevitably comes." [1]

The place of Jesus Christ in the Apostolic Church has a beautiful illustration in the epistle addressed by Peter to the strangers scattered here and there. He styles himself

[1] H. E. Fosdick, "The Manhood of the Master," p. 13.

the apostle of Jesus Christ, and speaks of Him as the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. He blesses God for the lively hope which has come to men by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; expresses the desire that their faith might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearance of Jesus Christ; and reminds them of the crucified One whom he denied, but to whom he now offers the homage of his soul. Love for the preëminent Christ gushes forth as from a fountain in the words: "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory . . . that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ to whom be praise, and dominion, forever and ever, Amen."

To the Philippian Church Paul seems most freely to have expressed his affection and communicated his central motive. He reminds them that they have been in his heart and partakers of his grace while in bonds and in the defense and confirmation of the Gospel. He longs for them in the tender mercies of Jesus Christ; he prays that their love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment, that they may be sincere and without offense till the

day of Jesus Christ; that they may be filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ; rejoices that his very bonds have been helpful in securing a hearing for the Gospel of Christ; is confident that this shall turn to his salvation through their prayer of intercession and by the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ; and then with a final outburst of faith and hope, he exclaims, "In nothing shall I be put to shame, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death. For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain." Then fixing his gaze, as it were, upon the Son of God who had become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, he exclaims with prophetic vision, "Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

The more one ponders the words of Westcott the more convincing their truth. "The absolute uniqueness of Christianity lies in this, that its capacity for good is universal

and in itself without alloy." Herein rests the distinction between it and all other religious faiths. Its capacity for good includes all need, all time, and all men without respect of race, location or class. It is in itself, and without alloy, that its good is found, because that good is not based upon the abstract, nor upon the ideal, not upon institutions nor creeds, but upon Christ. Without Christ there is no Christianity. Take Christ out and it is bankrupt in morals, in faith and in spiritual power. The Christianity, so called, which uses the name to cloak its hypocrisy, professionalism and selfishness, is not worthy the name.

It is the Christ of the resurrection—the living Christ—the world needs. He is all in all. Without Him, nature is nothing but blind force, life a riddle, and death a tragic collapse. Tear Christ—the living Christ—out of the universe and faith shrivels, hope turns to ashes, and man gazes into the future in the spirit of defeat and despair.

Shall we say there is no resurrection from the dead? Then Christ has not been raised and we have a dead Christ. Hear the confession of Paul, the once arch enemy of Christ, who had denounced the faith, breathed out threatenings and slaughter, and challenged

the Lord whom he had persecuted. "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we witnessed of God that He raised up Christ . . . and if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins. Then they also that have fallen asleep in Christ have perished. If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable. But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep."

In an art gallery in London, a few years since, I spent an evening studying a private collection of paintings by Russian artists. Among them was a scene upon the plains of Manchuria. A lone cross upon a once hotly-contested battle-field in the war with Japan. Two figures kneeling in the long grass—a Russian lady of rank and her little daughter, from Moscow perhaps, and standing by her side with bowed head, the stalwart son. That was all, save the blood-red poppies thrusting their heads through the rank grass and an evergreen freshly planted at the head of that grave of buried hopes. Tragedy! Death!—Yes, but the conquering sign—and the resurrection. "All human sorrows,"

writes the author of "Ecce Homo," "hide in His wounds; and human self-denials lean on His cross."

All of Manchuria, all the world is not big enough for the grave of human faith if we have Christ. Had it not been for Christ—the transcendent Force which burst the bonds of nature, of Roman seal and guard, and of death itself; the stony sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea would have held forever the ashes of man's shattered hopes. Almost as old as the race are the words of Job—"I know that my redeemer liveth." Ours is a vital faith in a living Lord—the Lord of glory who said of Himself, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live." Jesus Christ is the world's dynamic. May not the triumphant note of the great singer of Israel become the antiphony to-day of the army of redeemed and blood-washed souls, who go forth to meet their conquering Lord? "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory."

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